where college students get it.

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8 mouses that can't miss
How to cash in on Webcams

De La Soul
Campus Stylemongers
Best 13 Bags
John Singleton
The Man Show
Volleyball Amazons

Natasha Lyonne

The wisecracking star of *American Pie* and this summer's *But I'm a Cheerleader* says it's time to get serious

Special Section

THE INSIDE GUIDE

All-nighters, pranks, hooking up and going naked: everything your student handbook doesn't tell you

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$1.95/1,000,000 circulation **September/October 2000**

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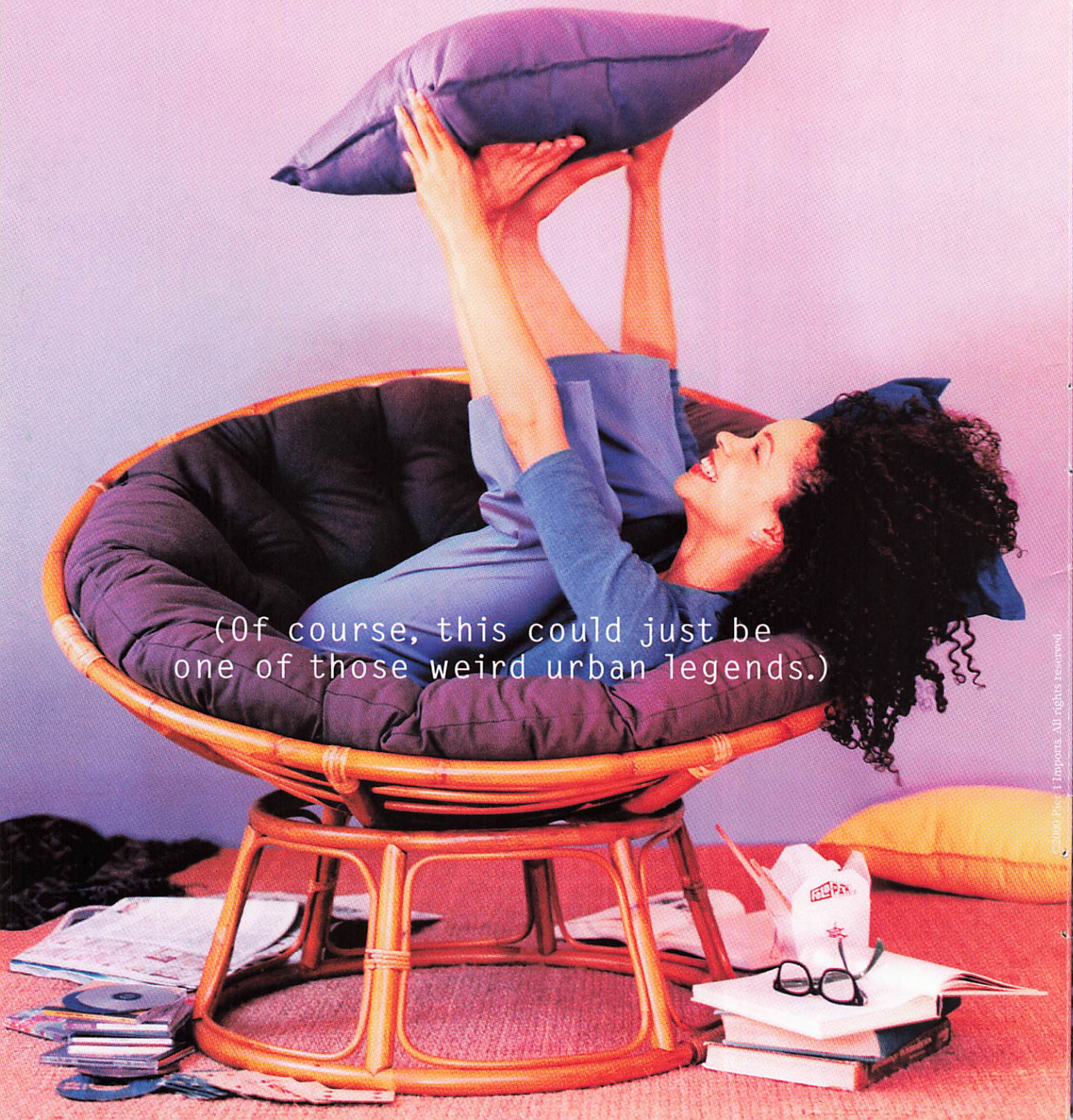

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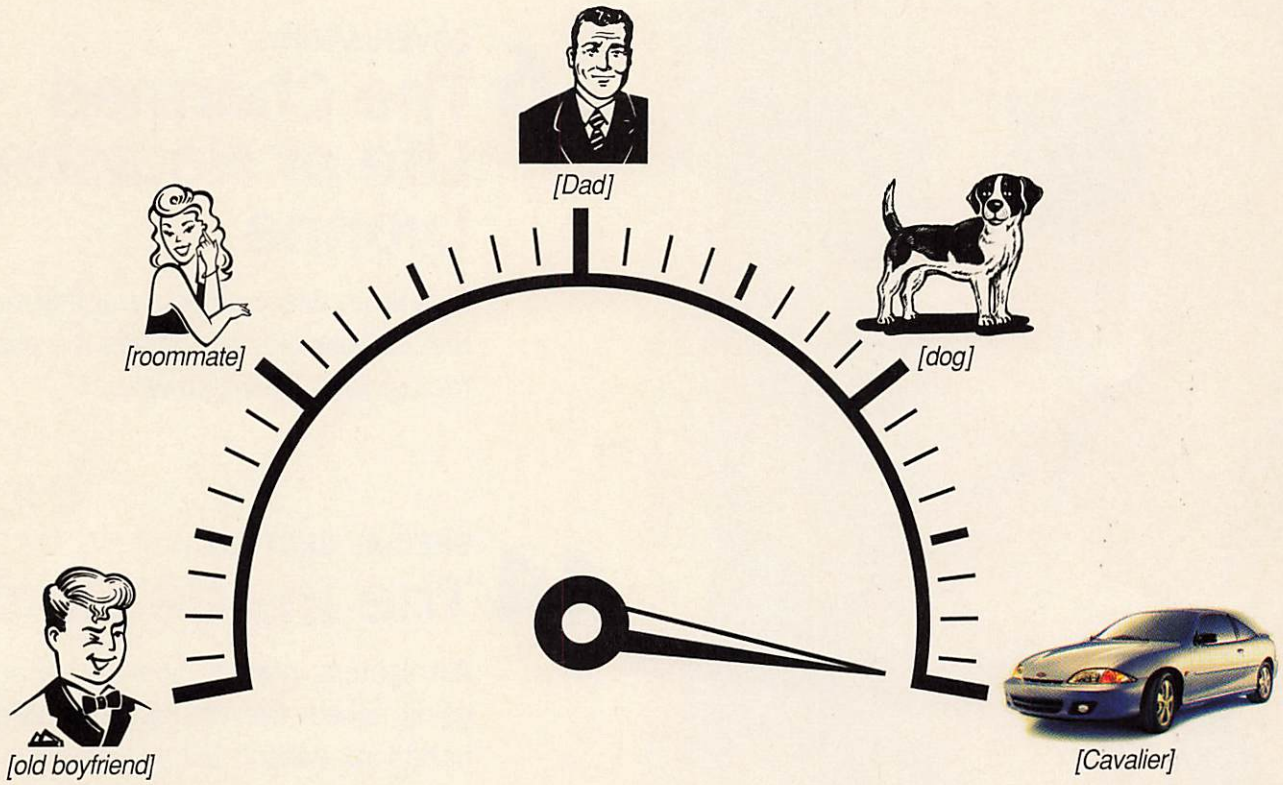

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CONTENTS

September/October 2000

page 36

COVER STORY

36 The Charmed Life of Natasha Lyonne

Eccentric, wisecracking and fast-rising, the 21-year-old star proves it's possible to stay real in Tinseltown.

SPECIAL SECTION

44 The Inside Guide

All-nighters, pranks, hooking up and going naked: everything your student handbook doesn't tell you about making the most of college.

STYLE

54 Free Your Clothes and Your Mind Will Follow

Autumn's gone ecstatic with fashion so mellow you'll feel buzzed.

continued on page 6

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Contents

8 **Editor's Letter**

10 **Contributors**

12 **Letters**

14 ***Link* Monitor**

16 **Up Front** campus news: from sloths to topless protests, gun gaffes to great head. **Insider** Drug arrest? Forget about that loan, writes Melissa Checker. **Day In the Life** goes on the bun with an Oscar Mayer Wienermobile driver. In **That's What You Think,** two media-savvy students shoot off on why sex sells.

22 **Good Sports** Stanford volleyball Amazons head to the Olympics in **Teammates.** Skater Rick McCrank busts ass in **Jock Speak.** **Numbers Game** pitches stats.

24 **Relating** by Answer Chick.

26 **Horoscopes** by Astrogirl.

28 **Gear** rounds up the 13 best bookbags, road-tested and digested.

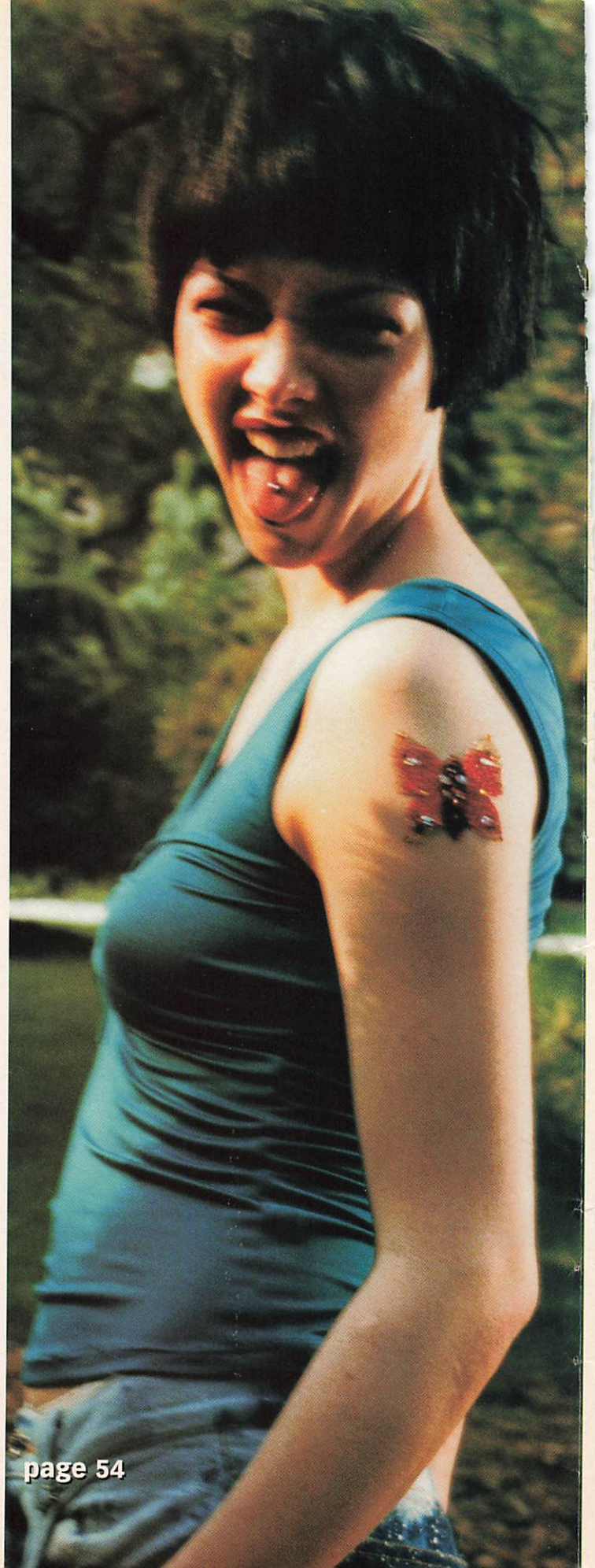
30 **Grub** Laura Ongaro serves up the history o' ramen noodles.

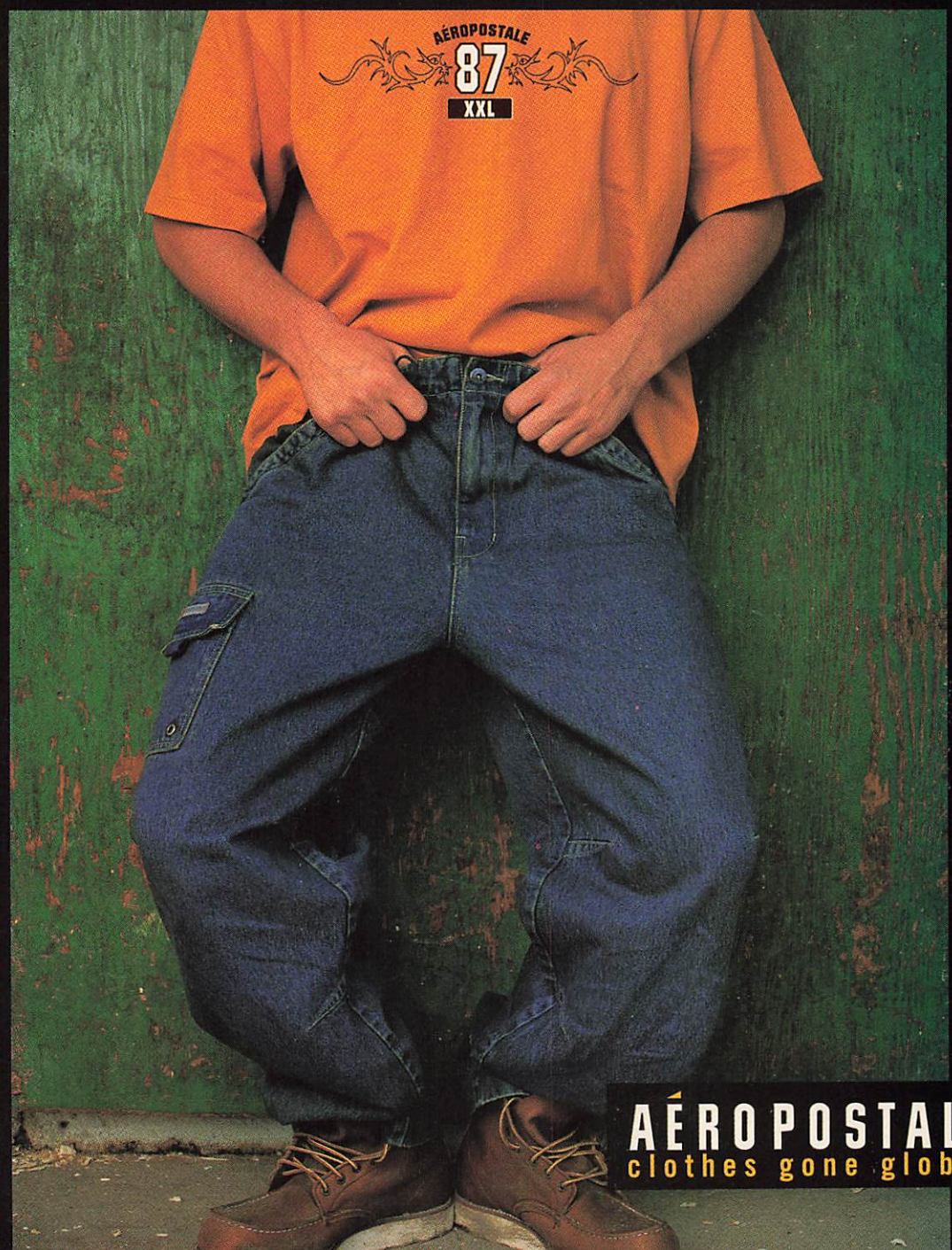
60 **Stylemonger**

61 **Pop Talk** in brief: Stone Temple Pilots, *Real World* vets and Macy Gray. **Music** Evelyn McDonnell covers the wired women turning pop on its ear. Mike McGonigal profiles unsigned wonders Carissa's Wierd in **Freshman.** Sebastian Steinberg Q&A's De La Soul in **Senior.** David Altstadt tries to be a manly man in **Phenomenon.** Leah Reisman previews six movies worth the price of admission in **Flicks.** Plus **Required Reading** and **Games** reviews.

72 **Hot Link** Dot-com Diva shouts out sites in ***Link*'s Links.** The latest point-and-click technology faces the Toups Test in **Gadgets.** **The Edge** cashes in on Webcams with Jeyme Colodne.

80 **When I Was in College** USC grad and *Shaft* director John Singleton reminisces, by Sara Lyle.





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Hey Floy, We're Packing

His name is Floy. He emailed us in earnest, asking for recommendations on items he should bring to college. "I would just like to know if you could get me a list of things that I'll need when I move into my dorm in August," he wrote.

Well Floy, this issue's for you. But what you need and what you *need* aren't necessarily the same thing. We've got lots of opinions in this issue, and the talent (and know-how) to back it up. From Answer Chick's authoritative encouragement on love and lust to Amazon.com music editor Mike McGonigal's props for the best unsigned band in the country; from Melissa Checker's incisive expose on the bad marriage between drug busts and financial aid to Jeyme Colodne's look at the pros and cons of opportunistic Webcamming, this issue's as much about what you need to know as what you need to take.

Link *intern Gene Demby, a junior at Hofstra University, road-tested a dozen bookbags like this one. Stuffed to capacity, the JanSport Air Wave garnered highest marks. Gene's got just one word for Floy. "Relax."*

So Floy, first kiss your cam (page 76) goodbye as you pack your bag (page 28) and head to breakfast. Chowing on that bacon in the dining hall? Suddenly look up to see 40 other guys just like you macking on pork-product, too? Get some perspective on what it means to be one of the herd (page 14).

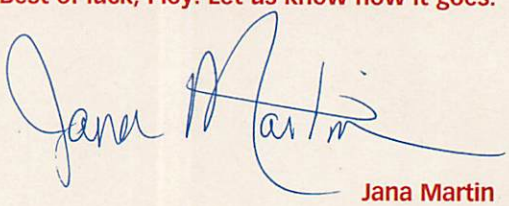
In class, if the prof's assigning a term paper, reconsider your urge to cheat, if you've got one (page 47). She wants something non-gendered? Then head to the bookstore and pick up a dictionary with words you can use without feeling like your grandfather (page 71). While you're there, consider soaking up some writerly rays à la Sam Lipsyte's stories (also page 71). At lunch, take solace in the dorm kitchen and cook up a ramburger (page 30) while considering the hallowed past of said campus staple, the ramen noodle.

That afternoon, ponder the strength of the human athlete (page 22) as you head to the gym. At the library, realize you're going to have to pull an all-nighter to finish that research paper. What to eat, what to do? How to procrastinate? It's all here (page 47).

Back in your room, staring at your computer while idly trying to convince the mouse to make contact with the pad (page 75), field a call from your well-meaning mother, who wants to know what new shirts you want for your birthday (page 54). Give up on studying (since your brain became addled discussing plaids or stripes), and plan your night. First, head to the movies with your roommate. What to see? We've got a few suggestions (page 70). Debate the merits of *Shaft*'s direction (page 80) during the drive, and set the CD player on shuffle (page 63).

Pumped-up on Pepsi and popcorn, head for that beat-pulsing club a few blocks from campus. But if you're planning to slip in using that brand-new fake ID, consider some expert warnings (page 52). Get in anyway, and flirt with the movie-star looking girl by the DJ booth. Much later, you can read about a real movie star (page 36) too busy making millions in Hollywood features to go to college, and you can weep. But not too much: You've got that paper to write, remember?

Best of luck, Floy. Let us know how it goes.



Jana Martin

Photo: Dirk Westphal.

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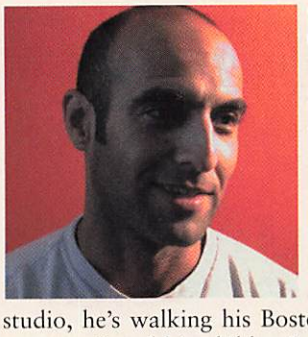
CONTRIBUTORS

Newly inducted *Link* writer **Melissa Checker** is a frequent contributor to *Time Out New York*. She admits she's got a full plate, spinning indie rock for WNYU while earning a doctorate in cultural anthropology from New York University as well. This issue, Checker uncovered the collegiate casualties of antidrug legislation (page 18), noting that the new laws may be "just another form of discrimination."



Contributing artist **Chuck Gonzales** is predominantly influenced by *MAD* magazine, Bullwinkle and the Spanish Surrealists. A self-proclaimed retro-cartoonist, his work can be seen in *Detour*, *New York* and *Adweek* magazines as well as on MTV. When Gonzales isn't in his New York City studio, he's walking his Boston Terrier, Willie—flatulent protagonist of his children's book *Poochy Poot*, which the illustrator hopes to publish soon. Check out his work in *Link* on pages 17 and 26.

Link campus correspondent **Laura Ongaro** is a senior magazine-journalism major at the University of Texas-Austin. Born in Argentina, she moved to the United States at age 13 and began her fascination with American food packaging. ("Cokes in cans!") Having pondered the wonders of ramen (see her Grub piece on page 30), she swears she's done with the stuff—"all my cups smell like chicken mushroom." And to fuel up while writing for UT's student paper and *Contributors* magazine? Ongaro says she'll stick to the cafeteria.

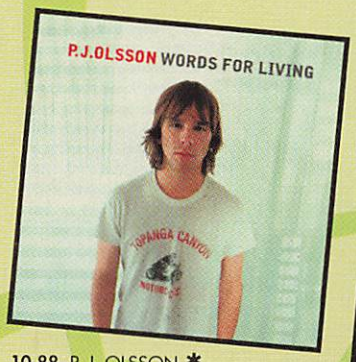
Seasoned *Link* contributor **Tim Reynolds** goes one-on-one with cover girl Natasha Lyonne this month (page 36). "Clearly," he says, "she knows what she's doing." The only thing he regrets not learning more about is the time she spent with Pee-wee Herman. Reynolds is proud that he's put his journalism degree to good use by writing about foxy nubiles for *Link* (see our April 2000 issue, archived at Linkmag.com) and tasty eats for epicurious.com.

Icon maestro **Felix Sockwell,** whose work is sprinkled throughout *Link* (not to mention *Newsweek*, *Entertainment Weekly* and *Time*), was named one of the country's best visual artists under 30 by *Print* magazine. Of his career path, he reveals, "Out of school, I had the choice of design firm or ad agency. I took the money and later became frustrated with the quality of work, turning me into a veritable rage-o-holic." He's since calmed down and opened his own studio, concentrating on identity work, which he sees as the barometer of change in graphic design.

Celeb-mingler extraordinaire **Sebastian Steinberg** (pictured with *Shaft* legend Isaac Hayes) likes lots of coffee in the morning. But his interview with De La Soul's Posdnuos was its own caffeine boost (page 66). "I'm a die-hard fan," claims Steinberg, who's seen De La perform four times. Bassist of the recently dismantled Soul Coughing, Steinberg has joined SC drummer Yuval Gabay in the newborn UV RAY.

GET Ready To GET Back To SCHOOL... With music from Kmart.

13.88 DAR WILLIAMS *
"The GreenWorld"



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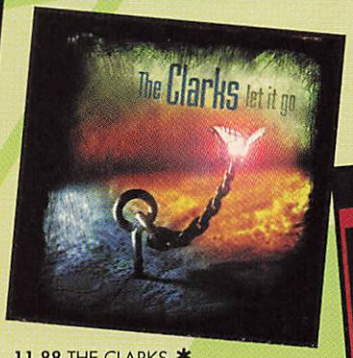
"Words For Living"



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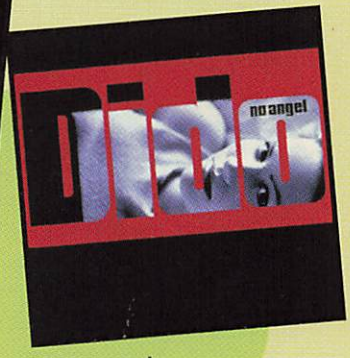
"Let It Go"



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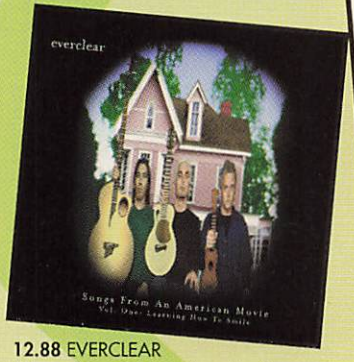
"No Angel"



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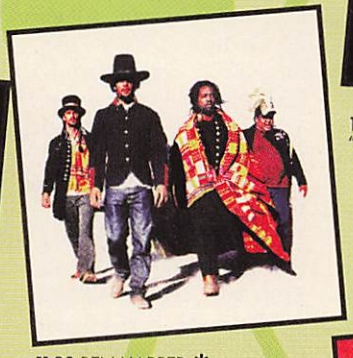
"Songs From An American Movie
Vol. 1: Learning How To Smile"



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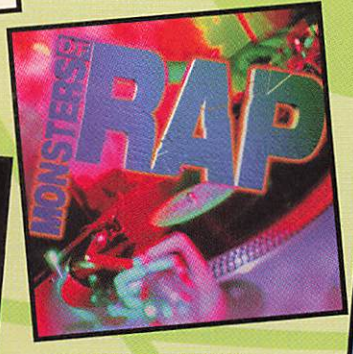
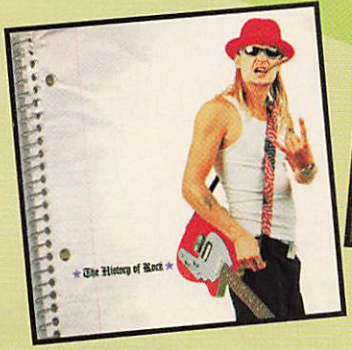
"Burn To Shine"

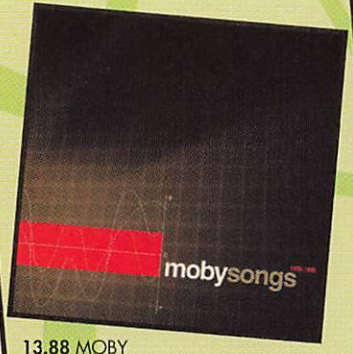


13.88 VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Monsters Of Rap"

13.88 WHEATUS
"Wheatus"



13.88 KID ROCK
"The History Of Rock"



13.88 MOBY
"Mobysongs Best Of"

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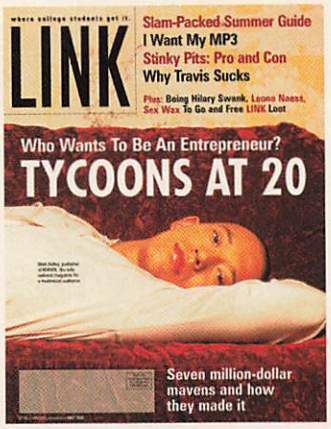
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Slam-Packed Summer Guide
I Want My MP3
Stinky Pits: Pro and Con
Why Travis Sucks
Plus: Being Hilary Swank, Leono Naess, Sex Wax To Go and Free LINK Loot
Who Wants To Be An Entrepreneur?
TYCOONS AT 20
Seven million-dollar mavens and how they made it

Say What?

Lots of you loved the tycoons piece, and wanted to get in touch with the young entrepreneurs. Travis fans took our tongue-in-cheek coverage *way* too seriously, rushing to the band's defense with a flurry of trivia. And one writer (who asked his letter not be reprinted) strongly disagreed with May sexpert Dr. Drew's armpit advice. Wake up and sniff, he countered.

RAVE of the Month

I really enjoyed your May 2000 article, "Who Wants to be an Entrepreneur?" I myself am a 20-year-old student who started an e-commerce company, ComputerSmarts.net, as a college freshman. It's good to know I wasn't the only one who risked walking onto untouched surfaces, or was catching one- or two-hour naps instead of sleeping. The article couldn't have come at a better time—I was in the process of making major business decisions that really scared me. Keep up the good work, and continue to write great articles like that one.

Matthew Miller

Look Out, Matt Kelley

Regarding one of the young entrepreneurs from your May 2000 cover story, Tina Wells, I too am trying to start my own business and would like to get her views on some stuff. I also wanted to know if Buzzteen's college-consultant positions are still open. By the way, I'm about to go off to college, and I got your mag while visiting a university in Boston. You helped me choose a school—Connecticut Wesleyan. That's the same school that [cover boy] Matt Kelley attends.

Devonne Miggins, libradoll17@hotmail.com

(Tina Wells writes: "To apply for a Buzzteen internship, send a resume to: Buzzteen, 165 N. Morgan, Chicago, IL 60607, or contact jobopportunities@buzzteen.com.")

Hey Big Spender

I went to take a lady friend out to dinner. While I was waiting, my eyes came across your last issue (May 2000). The "Easy Riders" piece by Theresa O'Rourke made me laugh. If I had the money to buy all that stuff for a road trip, I would probably take a sky trip instead. No offense.

Ramy Tawfik, rtawfik@hotmail.com

Is Glasgow to Edinburgh as Brooklyn is to the Bronx?

If Tim Reynolds wants to better understand Travis's accents ("Writing to Reach You," May 2000) watching *Trainspotting* won't help. The band is from Glasgow, Scotland; the movie is set in Edinburgh. The difference in accent is rather noticeable. Just a few words from a pedant.

Mike Rengel, mrengel@honors.semo.edu Southeast Missouri State University

You're *Sure* a Wonderwall is Nothing?

I just wanna say Travis kicks ass. Your writer Tim Reynolds put them down. In the United States today, all music is shit. I think bands like Oasis and Travis should be a lot bigger here. All that Backstreet and Spears and Limp Bizkit crap is awful. I was lucky enough to meet Travis's bass player, Dougie, for a short while at the Oasis concert in Milwaukee. He was real nice to my friend and me and seemed like he really appreciated us being fans. Why would Tim Reynolds ask Travis if Liam told them what a wonderwall is? First of all, his brother Noel wrote "Wonderwall," so ask him, not Travis. And a wonderwall is nothing.

Adam, diederat@uwec.edu University of Wisconsin-Eau Claire

It's Wonderwall That He Knows So Much

The cover of the (May 2000) magazine has, in big letters, "Why Travis Sucks." I would like to say that they don't. That band rocked a large Minnesota theater, and the crowd went crazy for their cover of "...Baby, One More Time." I urge anybody who likes great rock music to buy their album, *The Man Who*.

P.S. Wonderwall is a reference to a John Lennon quote—he meant to say wonderful, and in his accent it came out "wonderwall."

Ben Pratt, prbe9901@stcloudstate.edu St. Cloud State University

RANT of the Month

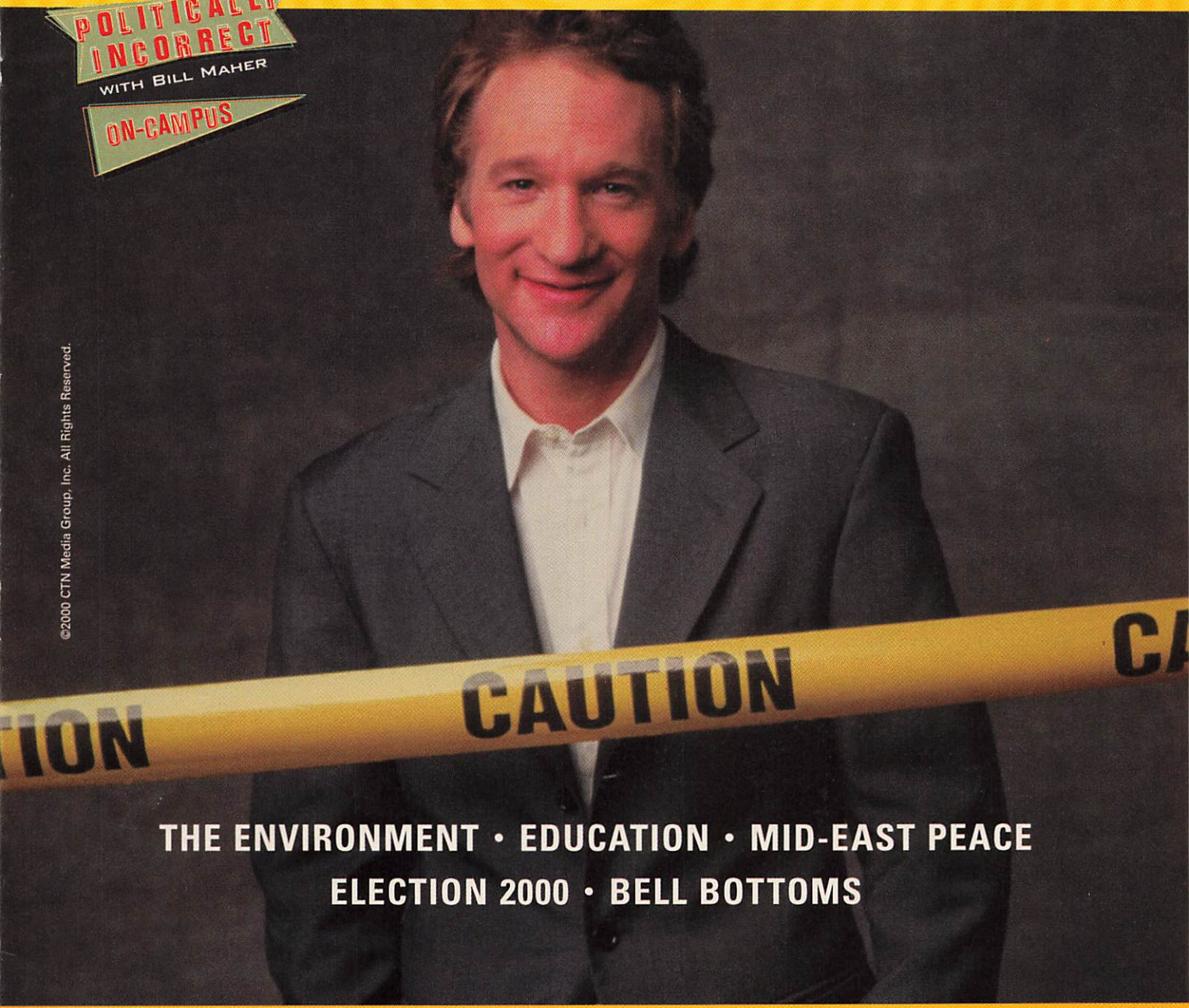
In the article "I Want My MP3" (May 2000), an artist's representative said musicians and artists need to make money to support themselves. Just one comment: I am a double major in Spanish and Mechanical Engineering. I will spend five or so years of my life working my blank off just so I can make a fair amount of money. These "artists" make more money in one year than I will make in 20. But not everybody needs a $10-million house and a $100,000 vehicle. If they learned how to live life on a normal person's level, they wouldn't have to make $80 million to be happy. It makes me sick.

Chris, University of Idaho

Hate us? Love us? Just want to spout off? Direct all letters to editor@linkmag.com.

Fantasies. Horse features photo...

This Fall, CTN Brings You Politically Incorrect On-Campus



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Bill Maher brings his skewed take on current events to colleges around the country, and College Television Network will bring you the very best of his campus cavorting with Politically Incorrect On-Campus. So stay tuned to CTN as Bill Maher takes on the tough issues… and the not so tough issues.

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CTN
COLLEGE TELEVISION NETWORK™

Fresh Meat

Feel like a lamb to slaughter now that you're back in school? Consider the real bull on the meat industry

124–138: Average weight, in pounds, of 5'4" adult female with medium frame

145–157: Average weight, in pounds, of 5'8" adult male with medium frame

235.5: Average pounds of meat, poultry and fish that a typical American adult eats in a year

42: Percent of *Link* readers who say they gained the proverbial freshman 15 or more

4.5 to 6 months: Amount of time it takes for a hog to grow from 40 pounds to 240 pounds

15.4 million: Approximate number of hogs in Iowa (the largest pork-producing state in the country) in 1999

132,302: Approximate number of students, total, in Iowa public universities and community colleges

10: Percent of *Link* readers who still own a fake ID bought their freshman year

10: Average tons of manure produced by 1,000-pound cow in one year

$19.95: Price, per pound, for bear roast from Seattle's Finest Exotic Meats

$23.08: Price for textbook *Philosophy: A Beginner's Guide*, from VarsityBooks.com

10: Percent of *Link* respondents who named chocolate as their favorite (edible) study aid

28: Who said soda or coffee was their favorite

20: Who said that the Three P's (pizza, pretzels and popcorn) were their favorite

145, 9: Number of calories and grams of fat, respectively, in one ounce of milk-chocolate candy

110, 9: In three slices of cooked bacon

0, 0: In six ounces of brewed coffee

160, 0: In regular 12-ounce cola

1850, 205: In one cup of lard

0: Estimated number of respondents who checked "None of the above" and deem lard or liver as favorite study aids

At least 7: Colleges and universities who belong to the NCAA and NAIA with athletic teams named after cattle

At least 13: Named after bison or buffalo

At least 2: Named after chicken

At least 1: Named after shellfish

27: Percent of *Link* survey respondents who found their freshman year "enlightening"

9: Easy

30: Exciting

26: Ehhh

8: Excruciating

3: Number of 2000 NBA draftees who hightailed it out of college after their freshman year

1: Millionaire NBA All-Stars named after famous Japanese beef producing region (Kobe Bryant)

0: Number of years Kobe Bryant spent in college before going pro

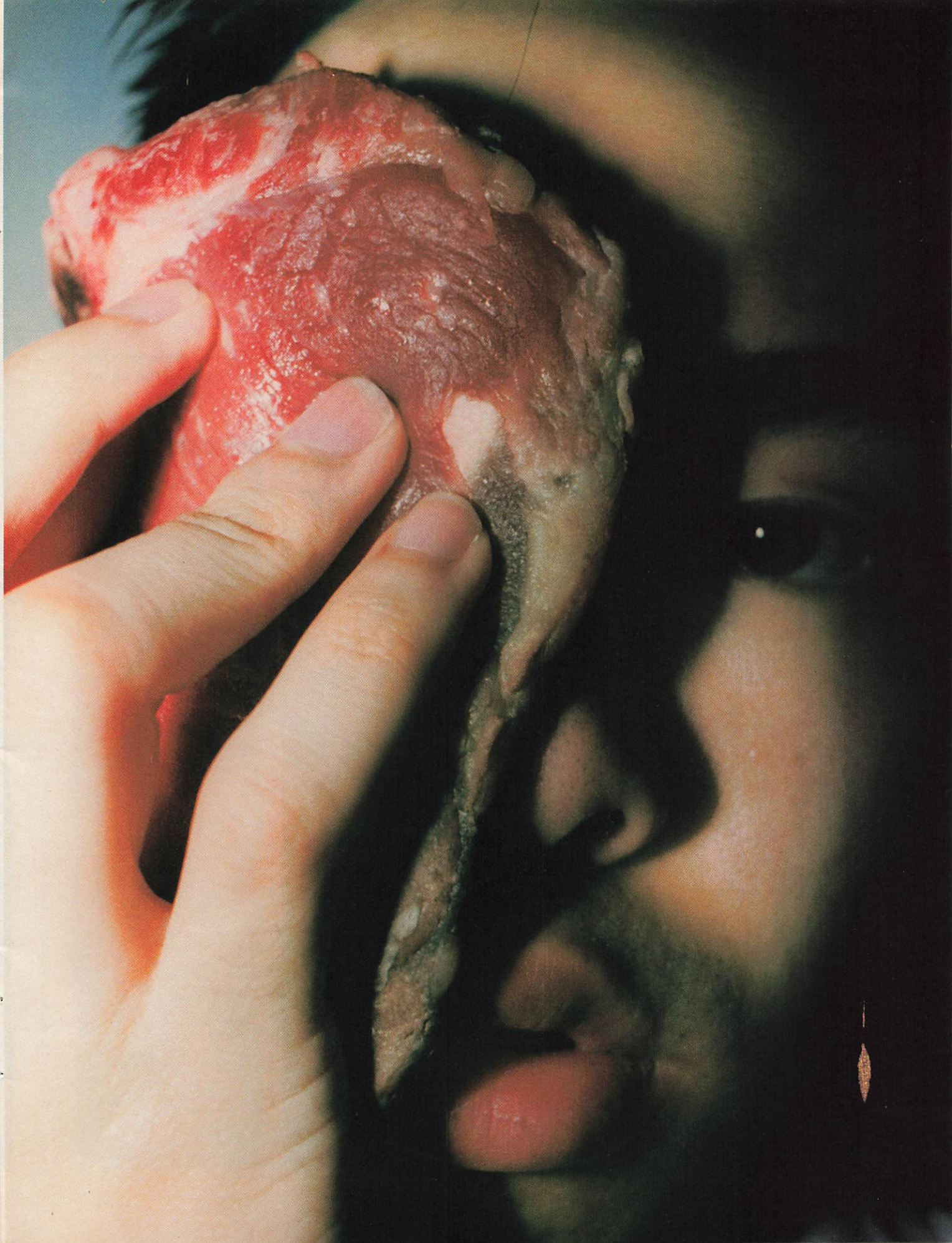
44: Percent of *Link* readers who said sugar was their favorite partying poison

500: Average number of people in the United States who die annually of *E. coli* poisoning from improperly cooked meat

Stats compiled by Gene Demby in July 2000 from the following sources: *Link* Reader Survey (May 2000), Heart Screen site, *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 4-H Animal Awareness Workbook, Iowa Board of Regents, crazyforCOWS.com, Seattle's Finest Exotic Meats' site, VarsityBooks.com, Mike's Calorie And Fat Gram Chart For 1000 Foods site, College Nicknames site, NBA, Coolware.com.

Turn to page 76 for details on this issue's reader survey and on how to win *Link* Loot.

Photo: Thomas Bugarin.



Losing More Than Her Shirt

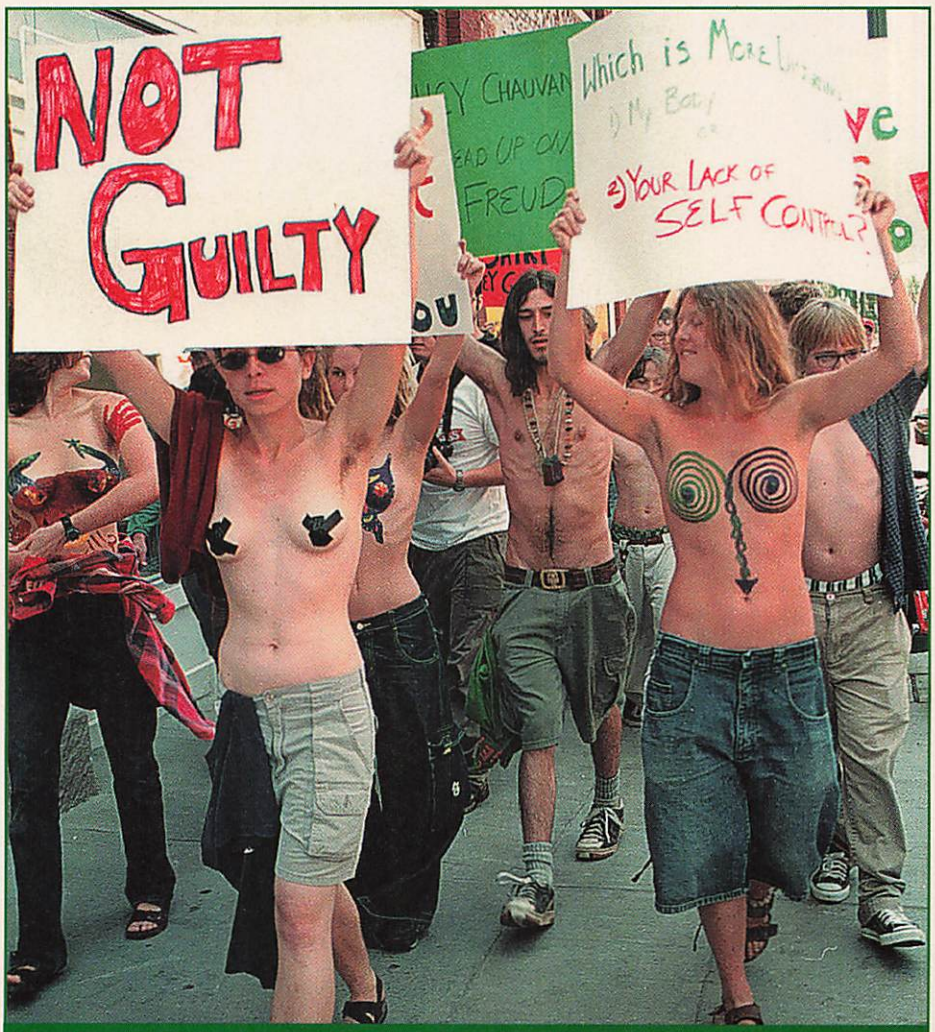
Athens, Ohio: One steamy day on the Ohio University campus, senior Jaimie L. Beebe wanted to cool off. As did her friends, who happened to be guys. So they all took off their shirts.

Campus police, having spotted the group, asked Beebe to put hers back on. She refused, citing gender inequality, and wound up being charged with indecent exposure.

"They arrested me because I was a woman," claims Beebe, who rallied 50 friends for a semi-topless protest march (they covered only enough to avoid arrest). One student, who seemed especially down with the cause, went completely nekkid and was arrested by local police. On the whole, Beebe thought, the event "went really well."

In court, Beebe pled not guilty and luckily her case was thrown out. But she still faced Ohio U.'s judicial board, which, she feared, would take away her diploma. Lucky again: The board let her graduate.

—Gene Demby



If you're angry and you know it, bare your breasts: Protesters parade through Athens, Ohio in support of arrested student Jaimie L. Beebe.

Good Head

Scandal. Controversy. Monkeys.

—from UC-Santa Barbara's alternative paper, **The Fish Rap Live,** *May 17, 2000*

Not So Black and White

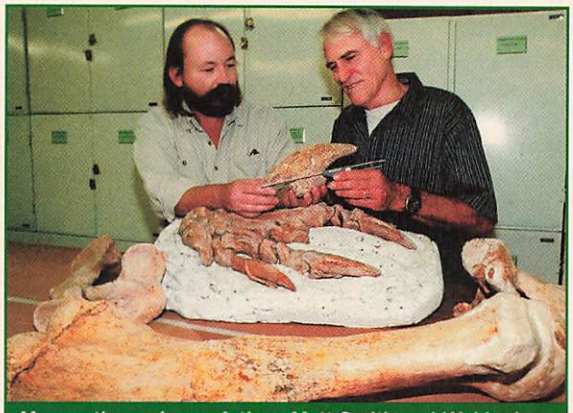
Oxford, Mississippi: Is it desegregation? Or reverse affirmative action? In May, a U.S. district judge decided that Mississippi's three public, historically black universities—Alcorn State, Jackson State and Mississippi Valley State—must make more concerted efforts to attract non-black students. To help bring in white students, a $15-million endowed scholarship fund was created.

Judge Neal Biggers Jr. ordered the Board of Trustees of State Institutions of Higher Learning (IHL), in charge of Mississippi's eight public universities, to give priority to recruiting white students, says IHL board spokesperson Karyn Smith. The decision is the latest in a 25-year court case, which began when the father of a Jackson State University student claimed his son's education had been compromised. Since the state separated funds for black and white colleges, he argued, the black schools suffered.

Smith says the board approves of Judge Biggers's decision, as it will begin to "give [all] students an opportunity to attend any of the eight colleges and get a quality education." But is endowing a white student's scholarship at a traditionally black school going to help bring more money to black students? The jury's still out.

—GD

Sloth photo: Bob Bird. Illo: Chuck Gonzales. Peeping Tom photo: Thomas Bugarin. Protest photo: Ed Vennick.



Mammoth manicure: Artisan Matt Smith and Webb give the prehistoric sloth's claws a once-over.

Getting *Eremotherium eomigrans* on That Ass

Vicinity of Gainesville, Florida: It was hairy, lazy, weighed more than five tons and ate trees. While that may sound eerily similar to your freshman-year roommate, that's how a University of Florida research team describes a huge species of ground sloth whose bones were uncovered about 15 miles west of Gainesville.

UF zoology professor David Webb headed the 14-year, 80-person job of analyzing and classifying the bones. The 2.2 million-year-old beast (affectionately named *Eremotherium eomigrans*) was "the size of a large elephant," but with more muscles. Though it peacefully grazed among the treetops of ancient South American jungles, it was no pushover. "No predator could bother this animal, especially when it reared up on its powerful hind legs and flailed its foot-long front claws," Webb says.

The sloth's skeleton, now being assembled in Montana, will go on display at a UF museum next year.

—GD

Why Don't They Have to Have Licenses for Those?

Norman, Oklahoma: Call it an academic sense of humor. University of Oklahoma geology professor David Deming responded to a *Yale Daily News* column on gun laws by turning gun-control language on its ear. For that he landed in a heap of trouble. To Yale senior Joni Kletter's call for stricter gun laws, Deming remarked: "Kletter's 'easy access' to a vagina enables her to 'quickly and easily' have sex with 'as many random people' as she wants. Her possession of an unregistered vagina also equips her to work as a prostitute and spread venereal diseases. Let's hope Kletter is as responsible with her equipment as most gun owners are with theirs."

Readers were unamused. Many filed complaints with the University of Oklahoma, calling Deming's letter a form of sexual harassment. The University began an investigation, but dropped it after Deming filed a lawsuit claiming his First Amendment rights. So was Deming serious, or just trying to be clever? At press time, he wasn't talking.

—GD

It's for Your Own Good, Really

Montevallo, Alabama: When a peeping Tom was caught spying in the girl's dorm showers at University of Montevallo, housing and residence life director Freda Shivers sprung into action. The cause of her alarm wasn't just the peeper. It was that he went virtually unnoticed until startling a bathing female student. Though school policy bars men from the dorm past visitation hours, residents admitted there was plenty of shacking up.

Peeping Tom: a dormitory's nightmare.

So Shivers and other administrators began surprise late-night crackdowns to curb the visitation violators. In two nights they went to seven dorms, simply knocked on residents' doors and nabbed 45 students. First-time offenders got slapped with a "behavioral tracking point" on their records. Repeat violators had to perform community service with the university's grounds crew.

Some students, calling the policy outdated, staged a protest and caught the eye of local media. Countered Shivers, "The students think we're being puritanical. [But] it's not an issue of keeping boys and girls separate as much as a safety issue."

The second wave of room checks yielded fewer offenders, but not necessarily for lack of nookie. "There was a well-orchestrated early warning system," Shivers admits, adding that inspectors avoided walking in mid-coitus. "We didn't just barge in," she says. "We gave students enough time to make themselves presentable."

—GD

Up In Smoke

Get caught using drugs, and your education may be just that

by Melissa Checker

In 1998 Jennifer Pauly*, a University of Florida sophomore, sat down in the wrong spot at a party and almost ruined her future. It was 2 a.m. A sober, tired Pauly wanted to leave. But the honors student (who also worked and volunteered 30 hours a week) agreed to wait and drive a drunk friend home. Moments later the local sheriff's department burst in, guns drawn, and ordered everyone to hit the floor. Pauly unwittingly sat on a stray packet of ecstasy. She wound up in handcuffs.

That was just the beginning. Pauly funded her education through fellowships, loans and grants, and couldn't afford to hire a lawyer or post bail. She spent 30 hours in the Alachua County Detention Center, paid a $450 fine and did 50 community service hours. Had her public defender not worked out a deal to avoid an official conviction, the incident could have killed her college career. Recent amendments to the Higher Education Act (HEA), including the July 1999 "no loans for stoners" provision, meant Pauly "would have lost everything." But she didn't: She plans to graduate next spring, with a double major in sociology and criminology.

Recent amendments to the Higher Education Act include the "no loans for stoners" provision.

Notice anything different about your FAFSA?

Raids like the one leading to Pauly's arrest are increasing on U.S. college campuses. According to the *Chronicle of Higher Education*, in 1998, drug arrests of college students grew 11.1 percent. While experts disagree on whether these stats are due to increased use or to tougher enforcement, two things are sure: A drug war is sweeping college campuses and Congress is in the fray. The HEA anti-drug laws specify that students convicted of drug offenses while on federal aid will be denied loans for anywhere from under a year to indefinitely, with new amendments expected this year. Those filling out a Free Application for Federal Student Aid (FAFSA) now face Question 28, which requires they indicate if they've ever been convicted of the sale or possession of illegal substances. Since the government itself estimates that 27 percent of all 18- to 25-year-olds have used drugs in the past year, Question 28 could change the lives of millions of students.

Critics contend the new law lets rich kids off the hook. Anyone filling out a FAFSA probably doesn't have parents who can cover the cost of an education. As for minority students who depend on loans, they get into double trouble. According to the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, while African-Americans comprise only 13 percent of America's drug users, they represent 59 percent of those convicted. "We expect to see similar statistics on the number of students denied loans," states Kristy Gomes, assistant national director of Students for Sensible Drug Policy (SSDP), herself a minority student relying on federal loans and grants.

Representative Mark Souder (R-Ind.), who introduced the HEA drug provision, claims it's unbiased. "[The law] is not targeting anybody except those who use and sell drugs," argues his spokesperson, Angela Flood. She asserts that taxpayer funds are wasted on drug offenders, since "drug use is an impediment to learning."

But opponents of the HEA amendment argue it short-circuits the whole purpose of federal aid by denying education to those who need it most. "There are a lot of people for whom education is a way of turning their lives around," says Peter Kovar, spokesperson for Representative Barney Frank (D-Mass.). Cases should be decided individually, he contends.

What about rapists and murderers?

Right now, violent criminals can still find federal funding for school. "It's crazy that (Congress) would focus only on drug offenders," states Graham Boyd, director of the American Civil Liberties Union's Drug Policy Litigation Project. The ACLU, along with Representative Frank, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and a host of student groups, is fighting to get the HEA law repealed.

In March, the groups made some headway when the House Education and Workforce Committee refined the law. It now states that students will be punished only for drug convictions occuring during a semester for which they receive aid. (Souder claims this was always his intention.) Yet the committee also made Question 28 mandatory. Previously, many confused and outraged students had left it blank and the stymied FAFSA staff processed their applications anyway. Now, no answer means no aid.

Plans to enforce the law are still hazy. Students must disclose their own drug convictions. The federal government levies an up-to $10,000 fine and possible jail time for lying on a FAFSA, but there's no system in place to investigate answers. So students who lie and get away with it get to keep their loans. Some schools have begun rewarding honest FAFSA filers: Hampshire College (Amherst, Massachusetts) allocated $12,000 to help students denied aid due to drug convictions.

Meanwhile, groups like SSDP vow to continue the fight, flooding Congress members with student letters and petitions until the HEA provisions are repealed, and the current drug crackdown is ended. As SSDP's Gomes asserts, drug use is a "huge problem" on campuses. But so far, politicians' efforts to fight it have been "an immense failure." ■

* Name has been changed.

Illo: Brian Taylor.

Free Application for Federal Student Aid

OMB 1845-0001

July 1, 2000 — June 30, 2001 school

Step One: For questions 1-36, leave blank any questions

3. Your full name (as it appears on your Social Security card)

1. LAST NAME

4. NUMBER AND STREET (INCLUDE APARTMEN

7. Your permanent mailing address

5. CITY (AND COUNTRY, IF NOT U.S.

8. Your Social Security Number

AREA CODE

10. Your permanent telephone numbe

CENSE NUMBER

12-13. Driver's license number and state

a U.S. citizen. ...

Are you a U.S. c... Pick one. See ...

am an eligible non

not a citizen or eligi

Marital status

divorced, or widowe

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1 3/4

1 3/

9. Your ...

11. Do you have a driver's license?

Yes 1 2

Yes 1 2

27. If the answer to question 26 is "No," give month and year you became a legal resident.

28. If you have **never** been convicted of any illegal drug offense, enter "1" in the box and go to question 29. A drug-related conviction does not necessarily make you ineligible for aid; call 1-800-433-3243 or go to http://www.fafsa.ed.gov/q28 to find out how to fill out this question.

29. Most male students must register with Selective Service to get federal aid. Are you male? If you are male (age 18-25) and not registered, do you want Selective Service ...

Yes

Day in the Life

On the bun with University of Missouri grad Chris Hemeyer, who relishes his gig as an Oscar Mayer Wienermobile driver

—reported by Sara Lyle

Twenty-three-foot-long dog: Hemeyer and partner Nicole Torrez with the big rig. The license plate reads: IWSHIWR.

A.M.

7:00 Wake up in a North Carolina hotel. My fellow Hotdogger Nicole and I score nice discounts because the employees want to see the mean mobile.

7:10 Down to the hotel gym to work on my buns o' steel.

7:30 Shower, don the uni: khaki shorts, red T-shirt, cap—all with embroidered Wienermobile emblems.

7:45 Scarf down the thousandth complementary continental breakfast, dash out to WM.

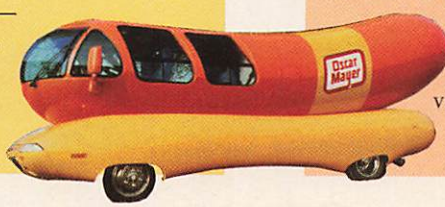
8:00 People gather around taking pictures. We chat them up and pass out Wienerwhistles. Each time we get into the WM, it's like a mini-event.

8:10 Pull onto the Interstate, carefully. Every person that goes by either gives a honk, a wave or does a double-take. Until I had this job, I didn't realize how many people keep cameras in their cars!

8:15 Get acclimated. The WM handles like a big van, after you get used to how far the buns stick out on the side.

8:55 Arrive at Hardee's. Greeted by large WIENER-MOBILE COMING HERE, 9 TO 1! sign. Go inside, meet the manager and pass out second wave of whistles. Nicole readies the dog-on-wheels.

9:00 Give WM tours to visitors—bikers, truckers, grandmas, kids. Answer questions like "Do you guys sell hotdogs?" (Nope.) Spread mass wiener love.



P.M.

1:10 Sweaty but still enthused, we thank the manager, and greet a few stragglers. Those five minutes might be their only experience with the mobile. So we put oomph into it.

1:30 On the road again, we stock up on supplies (Oscar Mayer meats, of course) and head to our afternoon event.

2:00 Update boss, contact media. My broadcast degree comes in handy: I can call an assignment desk at a newsroom and bait them on this story.

3:00 More wiener tours.

5:00 Shoot the poop with a vegetarian reporter, who claims "I'm not a hot-dog person, but this is so cool, I had to cover it!" We get that a lot.

7:30 Greet final visitors, pack up, then drive back to hotel.

8:00 Shower, change into civilian duds.

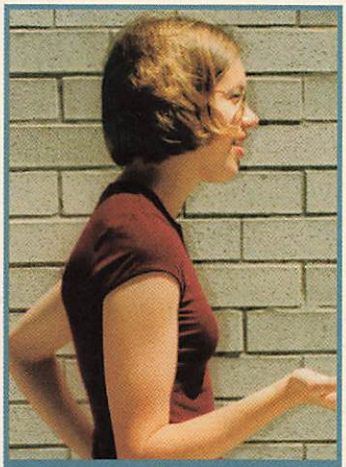
8:30 Ask locals for a good place to dine. Still daydreaming about some of the best barbecue I've ever had at Dirty Ernie's Rib Pit back in West Virginia.

9:00 Swing by a movie theater in the hot(dog)rod. The manager tells us he'll let us in free for a few whistles. Score!

10:45 Back to the hotel. Nicole and I retire to our respective rooms, with visions of dogs dancing in our heads.

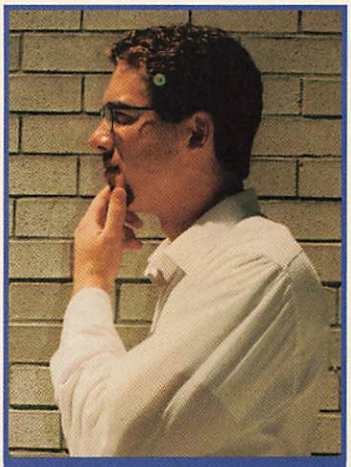
Photos: courtesy of Oscar Mayer. Intern photos: Thomas Bugarin.

That's What *You* Think



Who: Aimee Deeken
From: University of Texas-Austin
Major: Journalism
Year: Senior
Peeve: Paying athletes millions and social workers so little

Sex sells. Or does it? Two recent *Mediaweek* interns shoot off on porn and the publishing industry



Who: Bryan Walsh
From: Princeton University
Major: English and Creative Writing
Year: Senior
Peeve: Non-alcoholic beer

Society is inundated with images that some people call "porn" and others term "just nice magazine covers" (á la *Maxim* and *Gear*). Do you think we're desensitized to erotica?

AD: More "exposure" on covers is becoming less taboo. What were once risqué covers aren't a big deal, despite that many people still react negatively to scantily clad women.

BW: As a contributing writer for one of these "pornography" magazines (*Maxim*), I'd like to think that their success is due to clever writing and editing. These magazines are no more "erotic" than babe-filled beer commercials.

There's been easy Net access to porn for most of your teen and college years. Do you think it's more tempting to check out online porn because it's so available, or less enticing because it's commonplace?

AD: The easy access has made it more tempting to check out—not that I speak from personal experience! Those who were embarrassed to buy porn now have nothing to dissuade them.

BW: Both. It's more tempting because all you have to do is click and less so because challenge is a huge part of the appeal of sex. Porn's no good unless you find it under your older brother's bed. Or so I'm told.

Interning at a magazine allows you to see how the media business makes money. Are you more or less convinced that sex sells?

AD: I didn't need to intern at a magazine to know that sex definitely sells. Why else would *Rolling Stone* put Angelina Jolie, Christina Aguilera and Britney Spears on covers in very sexy poses and limited clothing?

BW: The media is solely in the business of providing people with what they want. What they want is sex. And violence, too. But mostly sex. That way, readers will look at advertisements.

Two Stanford Stars Head for Sydney

This hard-hitting duo's primed to bring U.S. women's volleyball back to its former heights

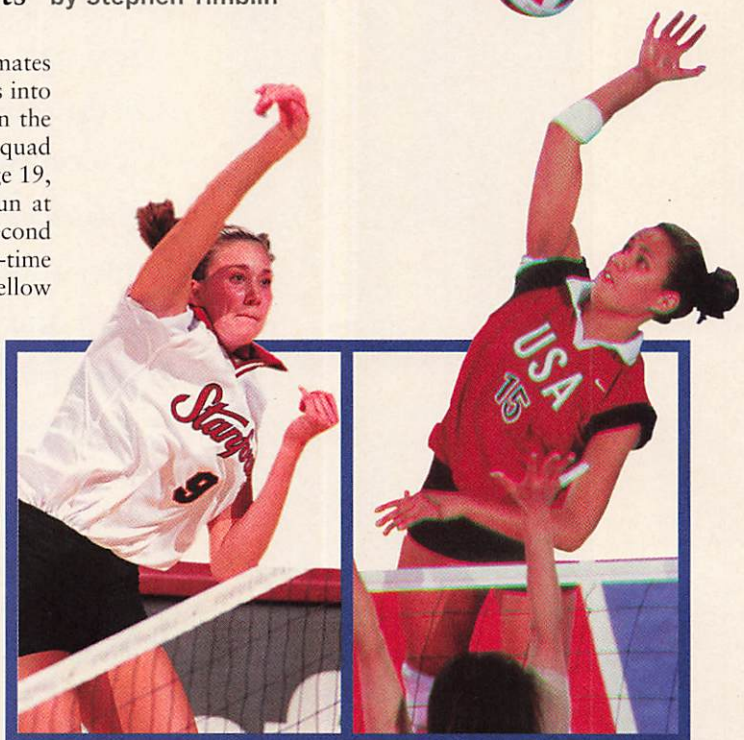
by Stephen Timblin

Meet Walshie and Doogie. Last year, as teammates at Stanford University, they led the Cardinals into the championships. And now that they're on the national team, Kerri Walsh, the tallest player on the squad at 6'3", and Logan "Doogie" Tom, the youngest at age 19, are in position to lead for years to come. Walsh's run at Stanford was so impressive, she was only the second woman in collegiate volleyball history to be a four-time first-team All-American. And Tom, nicknamed after fellow prodigy Doogie Howser, M.D. by her Olympic teammates, was a first-team All-American and graced the cover of *Sports Illustrated for Women* as a freshman.

Yet if you thought attitude came along with all these accolades, you'd be as off the mark as a drunken jump serve. Both players would rather talk about each other's game, as when Walsh confesses that "Logan is awesome to play with. She makes you want to play better and hit the crap out of the ball like she does."

The transition from the college stage to the international circuit takes time, though, and it's still not complete. "You know," admits Tom, "it's funny training because I always see these Olympians walking around. And I can't help it, but I think, 'Wow, there's an Olympic athlete.' But then I realize, 'Hey, so am I.'"

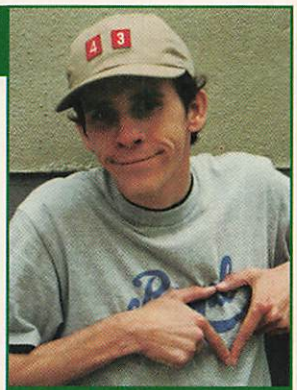
And they both should be for years to come. ■



Bump, set, spike: Walsh and Tom double-team opponents, both in school and abroad.

Jock Speak

"I try to slide when I fall, and it spreads my weight out. I slide on my butt a lot, though, and I get a wedgie every time."



McCrank: Throws signs, busts ass.

—Rick McCrank, on the less-glamorous side of being a pro skater.

Numbers Game

50: Dollars per hour to have Purdue U.'s mascot, Purdue Pete, crash your party

63: Percent of respondents to Canada's Internet Network (cgi.canoe.ca) poll who said professional women tennis players should play topless

73: Approximate distance, in feet, of the record-setting launch at the annual Cherry Pit-Spit Championship in Eau Claire, Michigan

6,038,041: Dollar difference between last year's top-earning PGA male golfer, Tiger Woods, and top-earning PGA female golfer, Karrie Webb

26,000,000: Estimated number of hot dogs eaten yearly in Major League Baseball parks

—ST

Walsh photo: David Gonzales. Tom photo: courtesy of USA Volleyball. McCrank photo: courtesy of Girl Skateboards. Skater photo: Thomas Bugarin.

NOW EARN UP TO

$50,000

FOR COLLEGE, *PLUS* AN ENLISTMENT BONUS OF UP TO

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Answer Chick

And her bad-ass pup Carlos rescue the lovelorn and confused

Dear Answer Chick,
My girlfriend and I are living in the same dorm this year. First I thought it was a great idea. Then I began to suspect she was cheating on me. One of my best friends lives right down the hall. He's a really friendly guy. After the three of us went to a movie, I sensed some chemistry between them. I thought I was just being paranoid, but last week she canceled a date. When I came home, she was hanging out with him. Also, my friend's been avoiding me in subtle ways—eye contact, for instance. But he's overdoing it on our friendship: He calls me "dude" too much and goes out of his way to talk to me. My girlfriend says she doesn't want to break up and that she loves me. We have great times physically. But sometimes when she and I are together, like in the library or the dining hall, he winds up hanging out with us. Should I confront them? Am I being paranoid? Not knowing what to do makes me so uncomfortable I want to scream.

Suspicious Lover

Dear Suspicious Lover,
Trust your instincts. Something is probably going on with your girlfriend and your buddy. Unless you just straight out ask them (and I mean ask, don't accuse), you won't know what. But be prepared to be surprised—it may not be what you think. Maybe they aren't having a sexual affair but just like each other as friends. (You aren't jealous of all her male friends, are you?) Or maybe they want to have a threesome with you. Choose the time and place for the Big Talk carefully—somewhere relaxed and private. Something else to think about: You emphasize that you and your girlfriend have good sex, but is the relationship satisfying emotionally and intellectually? Do you simply enjoy each other's company? If not, that may be the real problem.

Dear Answer Chick,
Here's a simple question. Is excessive pornography an unhealthy thing if both my boyfriend and I are attracted to it equally?

One Confused Guy

Dear One Confused Guy,
Pornography is quite different from having sex in the context of a relationship. Back in the '70s, pornography was often advertised as a "sexual aid." Really, that's its best purpose in a relationship—to get you both extra-excited. Although I'm sure you'd agree, much of it is poorly conceived and unimaginative. Especially gay porn that promotes the muscle-clone stereotype. I mean, what guy who doesn't spend his whole life in the gym really looks like that? (And then, how much fun would he be?) However, you're right to worry if you and/or your boyfriend always need it as a prelude to sex. That would indicate some intimacy issues and the need to seek out a gay-friendly counselor. Kinky is okay. But being uncomfortable with yourself isn't.

"Don't just sit in the dark," says Answer Chick (pictured above with Carlos the Pup), "Ask me instead."

Dear Answer Chick,
I'm 18, and I've been sexually active with my boyfriend for about three months. We both engage in oral sex and experiment with different positions, but I never achieve orgasm. I've been active since 16, and I've never orgasmed with any of my partners. I'm starting to believe that I am incapable of doing so, and that's quite depressing. I enjoy sex because of the closeness I experience with my partner, but it's the only gratification I receive. The only time I even feel the slightest pleasure is when he performs oral sex. He claims that some women can't achieve orgasm until after having their first child. I hope that is totally false! I've tried masturbation and experienced this wonderful feeling for about three seconds. Now I know an orgasm it's supposed to be better than that! I feel as though the only reason I am having sex now is to please him.

Troubled

Dear Troubled,
Relax. In time, girls usually figure out how to masturbate themselves to orgasm. It sounds like you've gotten this far (yes, even little orgasms count). Now you need to work on communicating to a partner what you need. Many women can't climax from intercourse alone and need to stimulate themselves manually during the act. This is fine. Oral sex is also highly recommended as a fantastic path to orgasm. The problem is that many men are sexually selfish. You have to find one who'll work with you. If this isn't your current boyfriend, don't suffer just to please him. You'll end up disliking him and sex. Keep masturbating. (Try the book Sex for One *by masturbation master Betty Dodson.) Maybe invest in a vibrator. And get more comfortable and confident with your orgasms. With the right partner, the rest will come.*

Got a question for Answer Chick? Email us at editor@linkmag.com, and we'll pass it on.

Photo: Tomi C. Yum.

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Astrogirl

Tells Virgos to slow down, and Libras to take a walk

VIRGO (August 22–September 21)

Love: Greetings thoughtful Virgo, scan your productive life for love. During late October's planetary fuss, you're ripe for verbal sparring. The adversary may just be your match—that debate *did* get you hot and bothered. **Work:** Use intuition and creativity to establish yourself as an expert. With Pluto opposite Jupiter, you may need to bust out the fancy moves to be convincing. But slow down that worry motor: You'll shine.

LIBRA (September 22–October 21)

L: In September you're hot for several people at once, but of course overanalyze every scenario. With Venus in Libra and Scorpio you're deep in the love jones, so start making sappy mix tapes now. **W:** Your balanced nature first gets fierce, then you fade. Steadiness returns in October. Consider a switch-up. Walk, don't ride.

SCORPIO (October 22–November 20)

L: You're getting checked out—not just for your booming system, but for those intense Scorpio eyes. Just remember, staring's rude. **W:** Schmooze in early October, when peers and superiors find you supersuave. On the 18th, Mercury turns retrograde—you flounder into "but, I mean, like, you know" land. It's temporary, so pipe down for a few weeks. They'll hear you anyway.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21–December 20)

L: Learn some yo-yo tricks as your heart swings between the groove and the *thunk*. If all else fails, you can still showcase your walk-the-dog. **W:** Happiness is yours if you smooth the summer-to-fall transition. Be the life of the party, but don't blow off important stuff you'll later regret. Say farewell to extremism, for now.

CAPRICORN (December 21–January 19)

L: Hey worker bee, it's okay to smell the flowers! Get some sun while it still shines. Date people with similar hobbies and lifestyles to keep your love life sane. **W:** Work takes over your life this fall, so practice time-management. Although others may not *get* it like you do, swallow your frustration—you could strain relationships, especially in October. It's not a race. Meander. You'll still get there.

AQUARIUS (January 21–February 19)

L: You meet someone great. You plan a romantic weekend. But wait! Postpone the heart-shaped tub and cheap bubbly until September's done. Then, get down. **W:** Maintain your ingenuity, especially in October. You need that good reputation when Mercury makes you moody after the 18th. So take petty aggravations with a grain of salt.

PISCES (February 19–March 18)

L: Pessimistic, a bit? Particularly regarding your heart. Buck-up. Emanate love vibes in September, and people will flock. So get some mood lighting. Put on that come-hither look. **W:** What *do* you want to learn this term? Get self-analytical, then choose some extracurriculars (to balance *need* with *want*). *Enjoy* what you do.

ARIES (March 19–April 18)

L: In early September, creative juices flow. Grab your cohorts for a BBQ. When ruling planet Mars transits Leo in October, forget the utensils—you're a feast for the eyes. **W:** In mid-September, the planets shift: Time to ditch the words "I told you so" for good. October brings more friendships if you keep the new 'tude.

TAURUS (April 19–May 19)

L: In September, you've got sex appeal. Savor *all* admiring glances. With Venus on your side by the 24th, consider commitment. You don't always have to be so stubbornly elusive. **W:** Caught up in the new scene? Don't forget why you're here: Not every distraction's a yellow brick road.

GEMINI (May 20–June 19)

L: Flighty Gemini, it's time to go deeper. The Sun's in Virgo: You're ripe for personal growth *and* consuming passion. Accept more than lust if you can. **W:** Avoid Gemini foot-in-mouth disease and earn respect: Think before you speak. Need change? Don't alter your study habits, which work. Instead, clean your desk.

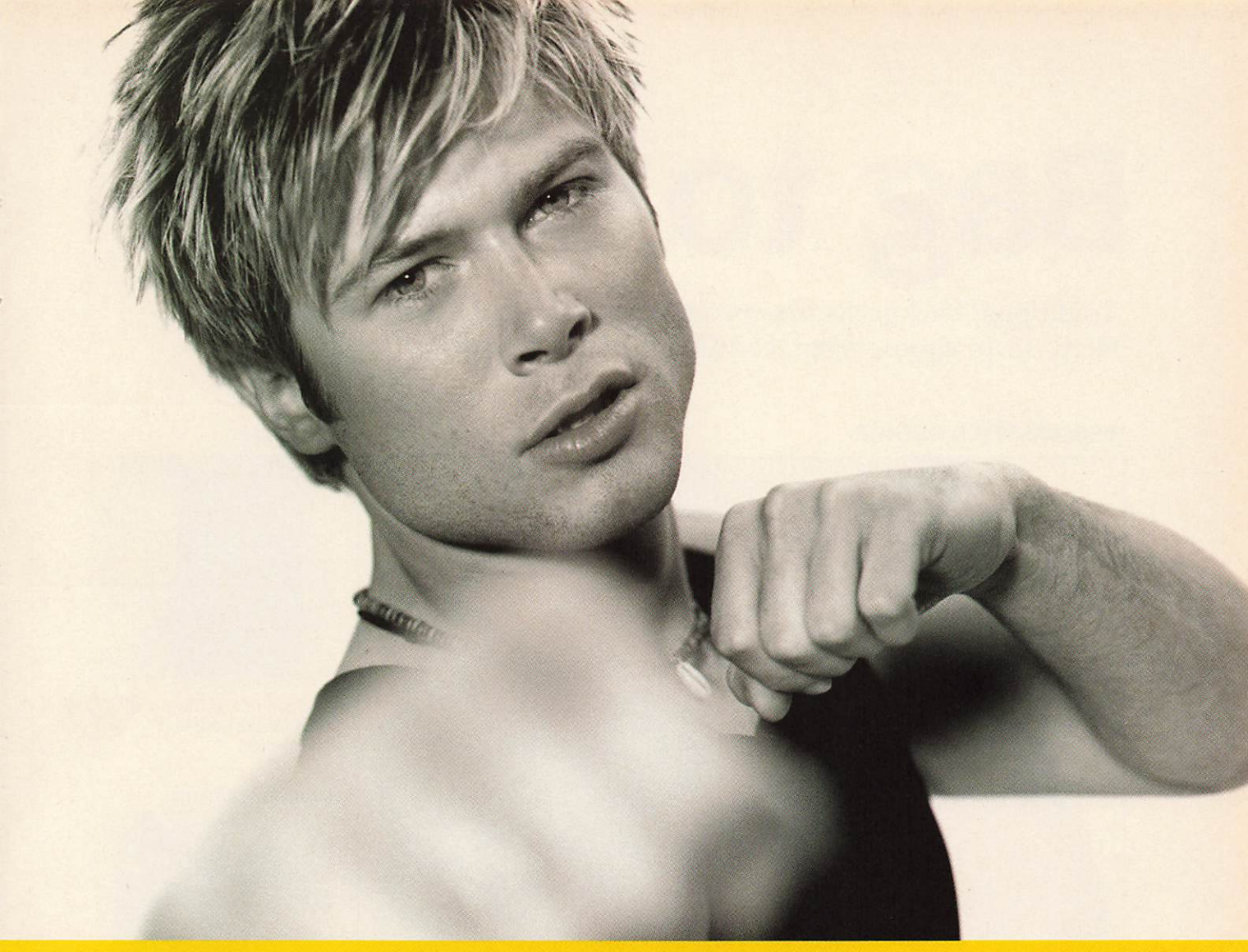
CANCER (June 20–July 21)

L: Cancers love their privacy, but one-sided relationships get stale. When the Sun transits Scorpio in October, fess up to a crush—or five. With the love ball rolling, sit back to pick and choose. **W:** You shine as a leader, so step up. The confidence boost means more fun, less worry.

LEO (July 22–August 21)

L: Hey, high school's over! Abandon that Leo reticence. *Pursue*. How? Fall down the stairs in front of your crush: Your clumsiness is *adorable*. When Venus transits Sagittarius in late October, have your cake and eat it too. Most likely you'll get spoonfed. **W:** Remember to study as well as flirt. Ditch the crowd. Take a few moments for privacy. Switch the java for herbal tea.

Illo: Chuck Gonzales.



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rebel

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abc.com/soaps

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Bag to School

Traditional backpacks, roomy messengers, fancy hybrids. Here, 13 to choose from, certified *Link* road-tested

WEBMASTER'S CHOICE

Timbuk2, 3-Panel Dee Dog Messenger Bag, $114 (888.TIMBUK2 or timbuk2.com)
I carried two laptops, cables and lunch without pain in this made-to-order bag. How about I road test this baby for a year? —*RT*

THANKS TO THE ROAD TESTERS:
Robert Toups, Webmaster, **Jana Martin,** editor-in-chief, **Sara Lyle,** associate editor, **Liz Kessler,** managing editor, **Mollie Brown,** designer, and **Jeyme Colodne, Gene Demby,** and **Thomas Bugarin,** interns.

Linktip Want to find a tote online? Check out **eBags.com** for an enormous selection.

GO DENIM

Levi's Modern Classic BP, $43 (800.2YAKPAK or yakpak.com)

STURDY STRAP-ON

yakpak Deluxe Sling Bag, $85 (800.2YAKPAK or yakpak.com)

MELLOW, BUT REFLECTIVE

Dickies School Pack, $40 (800.2YAKPAK or yakpak.com)
Comfort, color, reflective stripe, price—great. No gimmicky buckles. Holds a ton. —*LK*

Photos: Dirk Westphal and Safia Fatimi.

CLEVER, KIND OF

Coleman Legholster, $35
(800.2YAKPAK or yakpak.com)

HEAR THAT VELCRO ROAR

Timberland Mountain Athletics Kwink, $45
(888.575.4400)

BEST DESIGN

Gravis Metro pack, $80
(gravisfootwear.com)
Super comfortable. Packed it with a laptop, bike helmet, cell phone, big water bottle. Love its sleek look. —*JM*

FENG SHUI OVER FUNCTION

yakpak Origami Box Backpack, $48
(800.2YAKPAK or yakpak.com)
A girl shouldn't need to know origami to find her organizer. But it did turn heads. —*MB*

LOOK FAMILIAR?

Schwinn Sting-Ray Messenger Bag, $69.99
(800.SCHWINN or Schwinn.com)
Carry your life in it. Made out of the same glammy, metallic fake plastic as Sting-Ray banana seats.—*JM*

MOVEABLE FEAST

OP Cafeterian, $50
(858.537.2070 or OPmag.com)
Neat rubber trim and removable lunchpak, which I used for CDs. A bit too big for a slender back, though. —*JC*

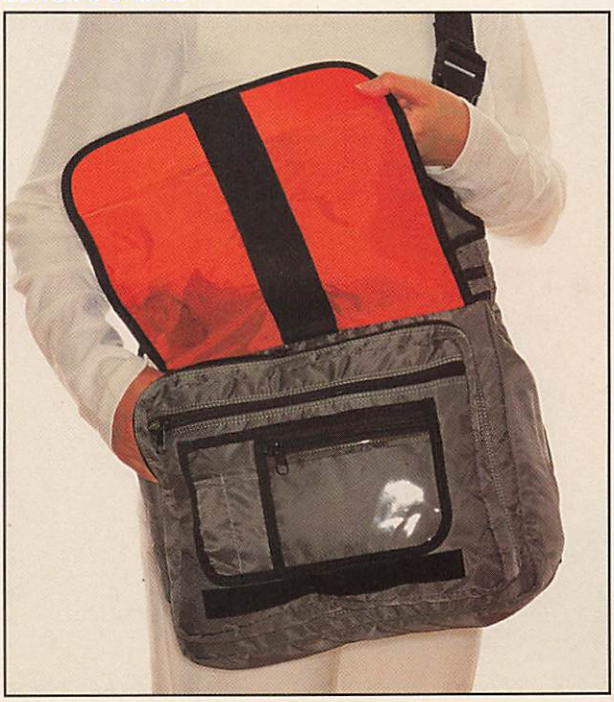
ELEGANT, BUT DURABLE

CourierWare Brief Bag, $95
(800.678.2247 or Courierwareusa.com
With two heavy books and a laptop inside, it still didn't cut into my shoulder. But broads beware: This one's a high risk for bookbag skirt hike. —*SL*

INTERN'S CHOICE

JanSport Air Wave, $69.90
(JanSport.com)
Looks like it's for astronauts, but it's the comfiest bag I tried. The capillary gel straps really soften the strain. —*GD*

EDITOR'S CHOICE



Aeropostale Sling Bag, $24.50 (Aeropostale.com)
Love the swank orange interior and stealthy inside pockets. It holds way more than you'd think. The whole thing's padded, so it's cruelty-free. —*LK*

Samurais, Science and Steam

A brief history of the magical noodles that keep your bellies full

by Laura Ongaro

Be it chicken mushroom, picante beef or miso, one instant foodstuff is associated most often with higher ed: ramen noodles. They're cheap—if you're lucky, 20 cents a pack. They're easy—just add boiling water, wait three minutes, and stir. And while you won't get your RDA of vitamins from a flavor packet of chicken broth and noodles (or from the three flash-frozen peas and two pieces of desiccated carrot), they're still better for you than a cram-session dinner of jelly donuts.

The ancestry of this wonderfood can be traced to Japan, where the first boiled noodles were imported from China in 1665. What was called lo-mein in Chinese became ra-men in Japanese, and was soon popularized by Mito Komon, a 17th-century soup-slurping samurai.

But noodles didn't become modern ramen until much later. Inspired by post-World War II freeze-drying techniques, Nissin Foods founder Momofuku Ando created Japan's answer to the TV dinner in the late 1950s. And consumers ate it up. They loved what was then simply known as Chicken Ramen, even though it cost six times more than standard-issue fresh noodles.

When Top Ramen appeared in America in 1972, the product's moniker in the eastern states was Oodles of Noodles. Simple and satisfying, it was an instant hit on campuses. By 1973, Nissin's Cup Noodles came in a convenient styrofoam cup. Students no longer needed a clean mug to make their meals. And with those forlorn little carrots and peas, ramen even had a hint of nutritional virtue. Nissin also provided New York City's Times Square with one of its most popular attractions, the Cup Noodles billboard. Built in 1996, it still steams over tourists.

In 1994, Japan opened its own good-time homage to ramen: a three-story theme park, attracting more visitors than the country's national art museum. Among its main attractions are a replica of the first instant ramen factory, ramen-themed video games, television sets displaying 25 years worth of ramen commercials, and eight ramen shops—each serving a different ramen specialty.

Want more, you trivia whores? The average pack of ramen contains 80 strands of curly noodle that, when straightened out, measure about 16 inches apiece. When boiled, unwound and laid end to end, those 80 noodles cover about 100 linear feet. All the ramen sold daily in the world could make 490 trips around Earth. End-to-end, 20 million packages of instant ramen could reach the moon. Each year, more than 40 billion packets are consumed by people in 70 different countries. Noodle on that. ■

Eat Me From *The Book of Ramen* by Ron Konzak

RAMBURGER

1 pkg. ramen noodles
1 egg
1/4 cup onion, chopped
1/2 cup walnuts, chopped
1 tbsp. flour
1 tbsp. oil
1 flavor packet
1/2 tsp. poultry seasoning
1 tbsp. steak or Worcestershire sauce
black pepper to taste

Knead unopened package of ramen to break up into fine pieces. Boil broken noodles in two cups of water for five minutes. Drain, rinse with cold water, and shake lightly to dry. Finely chop onions and nuts; sauté in an iron skillet. Season with black pepper and poultry seasoning. In a bowl, mix together egg, flour, steak sauce and contents of flavor packet. Combine thoroughly with the noodles and sautéed ingredients. Shape into patties. On medium heat, cook patties in an oiled skillet until brown on both sides. (Cover the skillet for uniform browning.) *The Book of Ramen: Lowcost Gourmet Meals Using Instant Ramen Noodles*, by Ron Konzak (Turtleback Books).

Photos: Thomas Bugarin, Mollie Brown.

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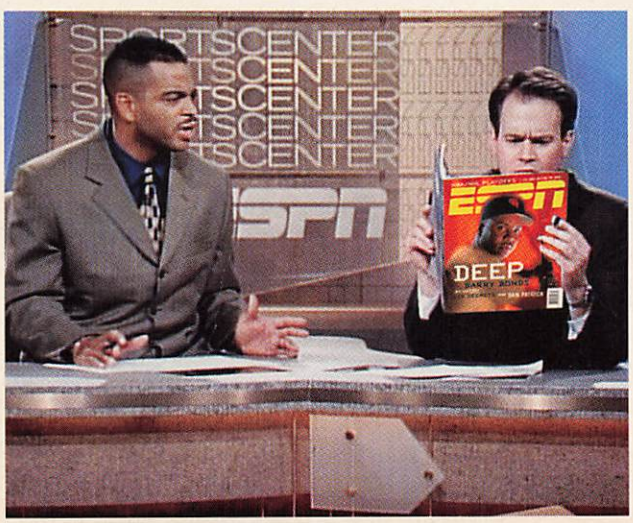

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Every Day This Fall

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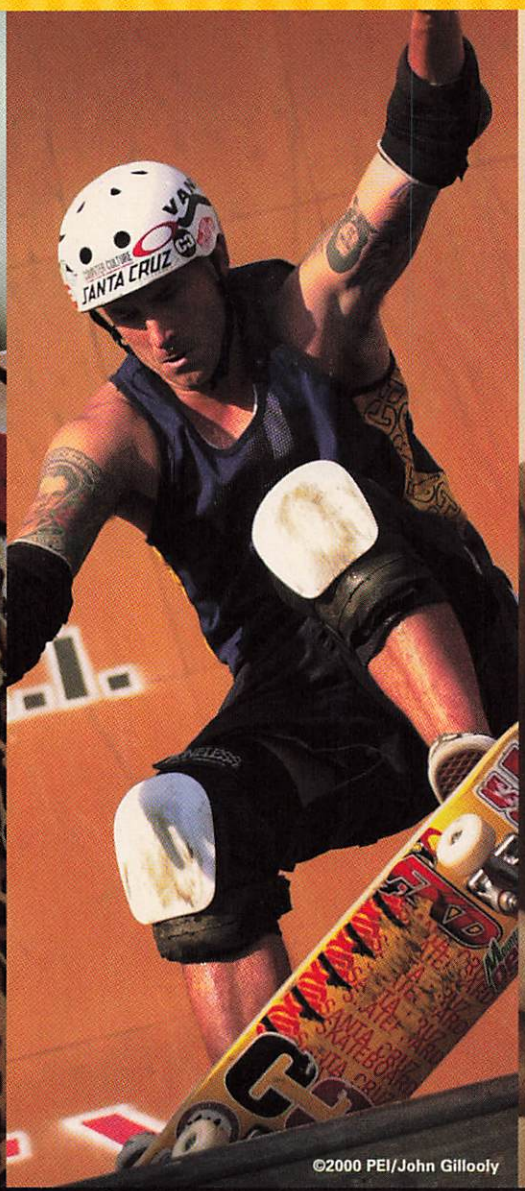


Gravity Games

Countdown to Election 2000

Mondays

From the pages of *Mademoiselle* Magazine come the latest styles, beauty tips, and fashion trends. It's all on Mademoiselle Connections.

Oct. 2–Dec. 5

Tuesdays

Adrenaline sports and kick-ass music meet at the Gravity Games. Check out exclusive footage on CTN.

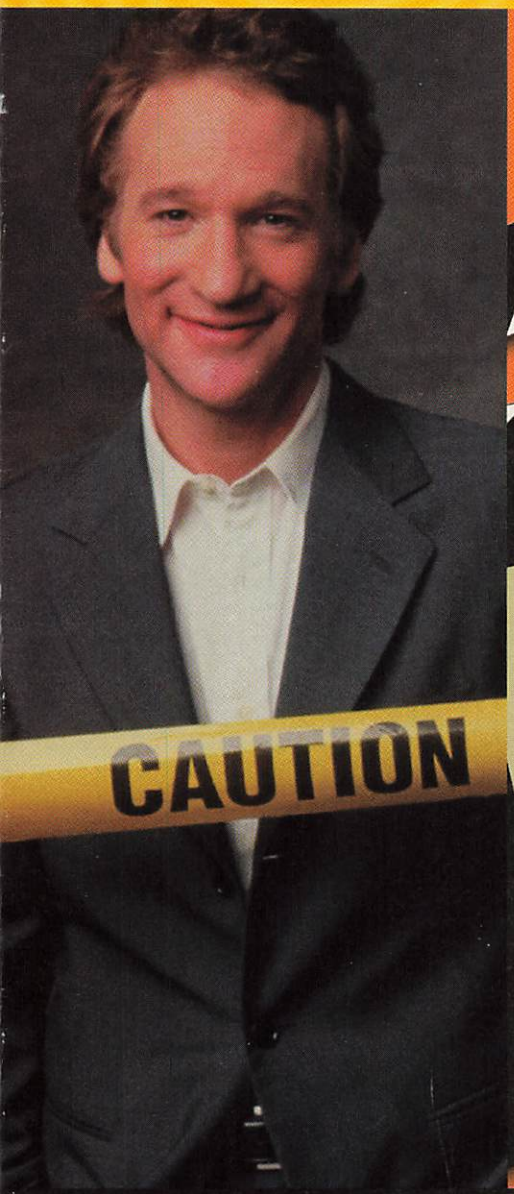
Oct. 3–Nov. 7

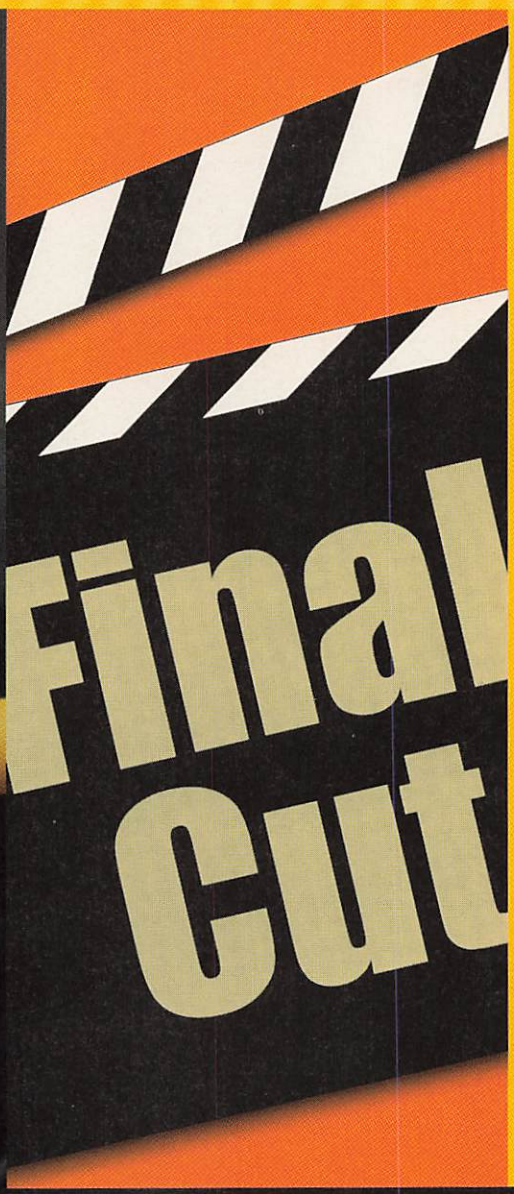
Wednesdays

Lisa Ling wants to know what college students around the nation think about the upcoming election. Plug into the political buzz as CTN brings you Countdown to Election 2000.

Oct. 11–Nov. 6

See What's Up on CTN





This Fall, CTN has TV's hottest lineup, 24/7. With new features like Politically Incorrect On-Campus, Countdown to Election 2000, Gravity Games, Mademoiselle Connections, Pay Dirt, PC Magazine's First Looks, and Farmclub.com – along with returning favorites like news & sports from CNN, kick-ass music videos, and more – CTN is the network you won't want to miss. So See What's Up, this Fall on CTN.

Politically Incorrect On-Campus with Bill Maher

Final Cut

Thursdays

Coming to a campus near you, Bill Maher brings his topical brand of comedy to college with Politically Incorrect On-Campus.

Oct. 5 – Dec. 14

Fridays

Find out what's going on in the world of film with Final Cut. Hey, who doesn't love intimate interviews with Hollywood's biggest stars?

Sept. 4 – Dec. 15

COLLEGE TELEVISION NETWORK™

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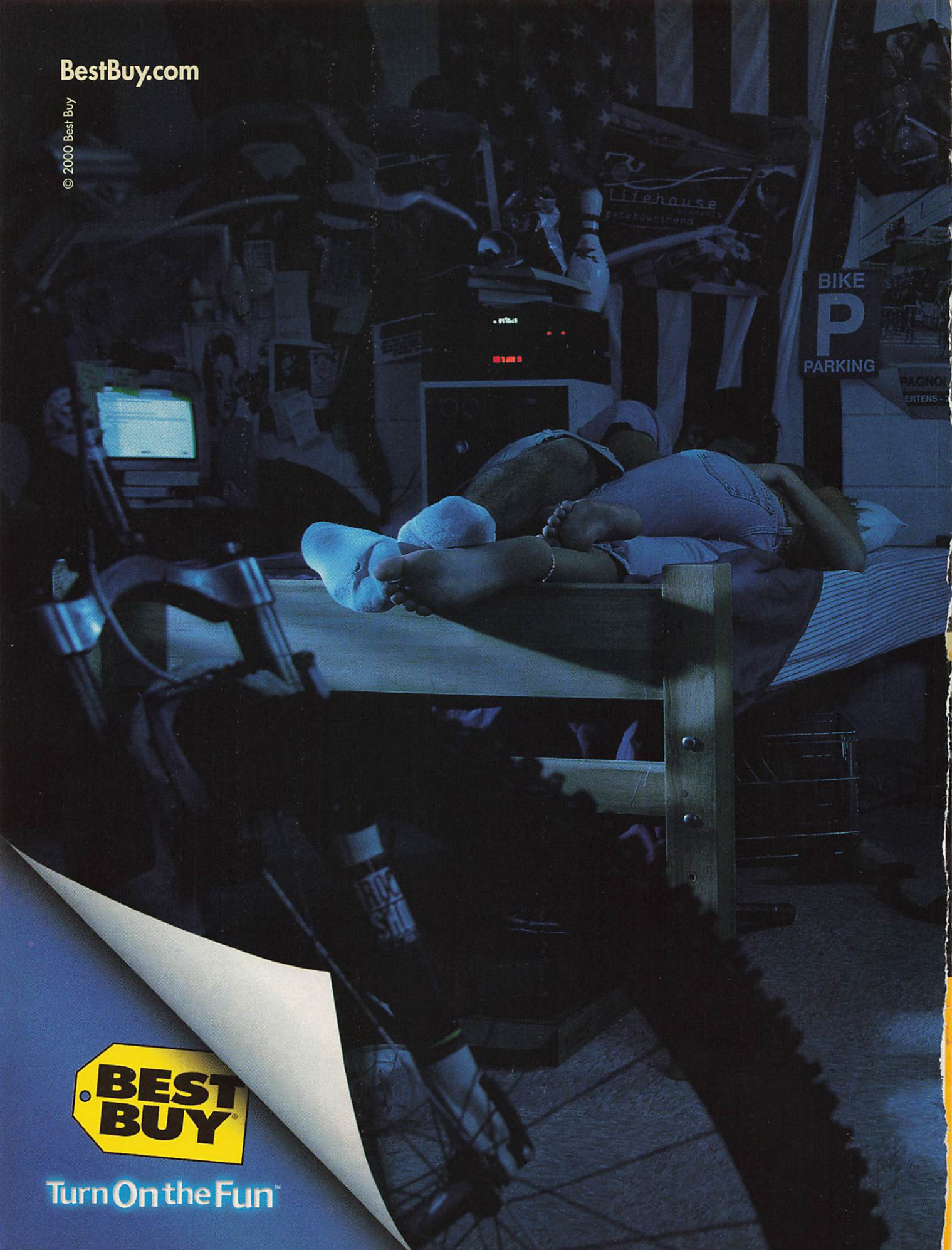
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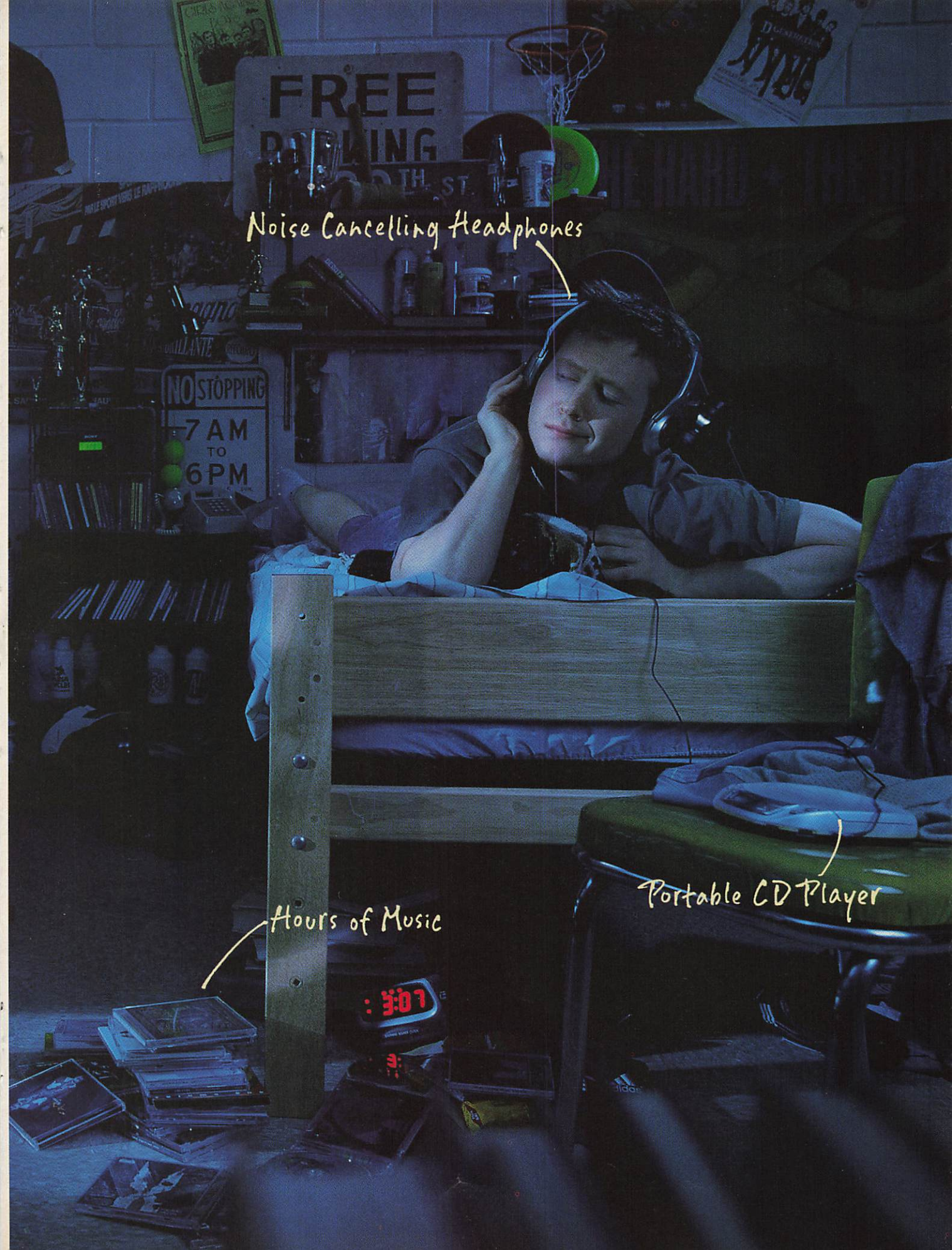
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A Hollywood Education

The charmed life of NATASHA LYONNE

Eccentric, wisecracking and fast-rising, this 21-year-old star proves it's possible to stay real in Tinseltown. The NYC-native sat down with Tim Reynolds one summer afternoon to talk about making *American Pie, But I'm a Cheerleader* and the upcoming Hollywood feature comedy *Plan B,* and explain why success is keeping her out of school

photography by Blake Little

Natasha Lyonne floats into the bar, sunglasses on, and paces back and forth, cell phone clamped to her ear, finishing her conversation as discreetly as the coolest person in the room can. It's a summer afternoon and we've met in a nondescript-looking Manhattan tavern. She's wearing black leather pants. "I'm *not* a rock star," she states as some sort of apology. "I'm a five-foot Jew! I've always liked the way rock stars look in leather pants, but I've never seen a good-looking five-foot Jew in leather pants." When Prince is offered as an example of a rock star of extremely short stature, she deadpans, "I didn't think Prince was Jewish." Of course she knows Prince isn't Jewish. She's just cracking wise, something she does very well.

Actress on the verge: Having worked steadily in a succession of feature roles, Lyonne has set her sights on hosting *Saturday Night Live.*

Lyonne is *not* a movie star in the traditional sense. She's a working artist who, at 21, radiates all the charisma but none of the attitude of someone so young and so successful. Her string of critically acclaimed roles spans from D.J., the blasé rich kid who narrates Woody Allen's *Everyone Says I Love You*, to Vivian, the put-upon pubescent in 1998's sleeper hit *Slums of Beverly Hills*, to Jessica, the sarcastic sexpert of last year's blockbuster teen comedy *American Pie*. It's a whole range of eccentric, lovable characters. But none can compare to the most vivid and offbeat character of all, the sly-faced chick from New York City who is Lyonne herself.

She chooses a half-lit corner table, pockets her cell phone, slides off her sunglasses. She pulls back her shaggy mane of blonde hair, revealing a pixie face that's free of makeup, the only accent a cigarette clamped between her teeth. She looks around, taking in the dim barroom: ESPN on the TV, weekend shoppers devouring burgers and beer. "It's a pretty nice place, pretty regular joint," she says, adding some extra New Yawk to the word *joint*, flavoring her throaty, deep voice. She's relaxed, at home. Her only time constraint? "All my clothes are at the dry cleaner," which, she says, closes at 4:00.

All of them? Her whole wardrobe?

"Like, all eight pieces."

A Hollywood Education

Not too Worldly to Play Naive

Lyonne plays a girl of a very different sort in her latest film, *But I'm a Cheerleader*. In director Jamie Babbit's twisted fable, Megan, a suburban American teen, is whisked off to a sexual "rehabilitation" facility after her parents think they've uncovered her budding lesbian tendencies. "The idea behind the movie is this totally Barbie, *hyperficial* environment—really Megan's glass box," Lyonne explains. At True Directions, a "hyperficial" version of real-life sexual-reprogramming camps, Megan insists on her own hetero-normalcy. Then she meets up with Graham, an unrepentantly butch tomboy played by Lyonne's real-life best friend, Clea DuVall (seen recently in *The Faculty* and *Girl, Interrupted*). And nothing goes as planned.

Suburban, a cheerleader, a lesbian—it's hard to say which was the biggest stretch for Lyonne. "Megan is pretty naive—you believed that, right?" the actress asks. Despite her gravelly voice, she infuses the character with a clueless exuberance that *is* believable and right. Of the sex scenes she performed with DuVall, Lyonne found them both funny and difficult. "Neither of us is gay, so it was a little bit weird, 'cause we knew each other, and I was little bit too excited and Clea was like, 'Get *off* me; don't touch me.' I think she was grossed out." In spite of their friendship, or perhaps because of it, and even though both actresses remain fully clothed, the sequences possess a very un-Hollywood frankness. Lyonne says that the film treats sex with a soft touch: "the way real sex is with someone you love. More like looking into the person's eyes. Just touching as opposed to banging and f**king...and, you know, whipping...and other things I don't do."

Lyonne stops and giggles—her first pause in 10 minutes of breathless, run-on sentences. At one point she asks if we can "take out the curses, the *like*s, and the *you know*s? I'll give you a hundred bucks," she offers.

She's less enthusiastic about some of the movie's press—in particular, *Out* magazine's July cover, in which Lyonne and DuVall appeared pelvis-to-pelvis under 12 pounds of pink eye shadow. The glammed-out Hollywood artifice made Lyonne far more nervous than any lesbian innuendo. "People were like, 'Oh, you're on the cover of *Out*, you've done a lot of gay movies this year. Gay, gay, gay.' My reaction was, We're so f**king airbrushed it's scary! We don't really look like that. Airbrush models. Don't airbrush actors!"

Coming of Age in Hollywood

Lyonne grew up a child of divorce, moving around a lot: New York to Israel to New York to Miami to New York. "I wasn't broke," she explains, but [after] my parents split up, I was with my mom. My grandparents really wanted me in private school. So I had to go to some rich school but be the weirdo on scholarship." There, she felt like nothing she did "was ever good enough."

Work was more rewarding. Her first role, Opal on *Pee-wee's Playhouse,* was mostly about playing (she *was* only eight, and it was Pee-wee Herman, not *Julius Caesar*). Then, as a teenager, she worked with Woody Allen, an experience so intimidating she remembers being afraid to smoke in front of the renowned director. "Your name is on a call sheet *above* Julia Roberts and Goldie Hawn and Alan Alda and Tim Roth, and you're like, 'Damn, this is important!' I just wish I could have been more focused. I wish *so much* that I could work with him again."

She describes herself as "pretty disciplined now," having honed that discipline playing the lead in Tamara Jenkins's *Slums of Beverly Hills* two years later. As Vivian Abramowitz, the fast-developing teen from a dysfunctional, vagabond family, Lyonne was heartbreaking and hilarious. She stomped around in knee-high sweat socks, disco-danced with her druggy cousin's vibrator, and ultimately learned that love matters more than keeping an apartment. "You need to be *that* good to keep up with Alan Arkin or Marisa Tomei or Kevin Corrigan," she reflects, calling the costars her idols. "I was just in awe."

To the director, she gives equal credit. "All the *great* directors *direct*," Lyonne adds. "[Jenkins] knew the story—what she needed from me, who the character was. Lots of directors assume that since you did good work in one thing, you just know how to do good work. [But] look at Coen Brothers movies like *Raising Arizona*. That movie's *directed*. You *know* [the actors are] being told that 'In this scene, it's gonna match up well if you do this dramatically right here and this low right here.' And it cuts together. It fits together."

> "I get a lot of double takes. People come up to me and are like, 'Hey, didn't we meet somewhere?'"

Lyonne loves talking movies. She's an encyclopedia of trivia. "I never realized how many references I made," she says, "until I hung out with this person who's into the Internet and [doesn't] even have a TV. I was constantly like "Oh yeah, just like in *Brewster McCloud!* Just like in *Annie Hall!*" Among her favorite actors is Marlon Brando. Among her favorite movies: Mike Leigh's *Naked*, and John Cassavetes's harrowing 1974 domestic drama, *A Woman Under the Influence*. She calls Cassavetes and his wife, actress Gena Rowlands, "the coolest couple of all time, apart from Sid Vicious and Nancy Spungen." Kind of retro? she's asked. "The '70s were a good time for movies," she answers. "Now isn't all that exciting. Once in a blue moon, something good comes along."

Her sense of timeless cool extends to music as well: Her musical references are wall-to-wall classic rock. "Bands I'm addicted to forever are Led Zeppelin, the Velvet Underground, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin." But, she adds, "I've played all that out so much. I listen to Supertramp now!" She brightens. "Like, Supertramp and

Actress as realist: Notes Lyonne, "The greats—the Jodie Fosters and Diane Keatons and Bette Davises, they don't have crazy hair."

A Hollywood Education

Jethro Tull, I never expected to come my way. The only modern music I can listen to is the Pixies, Radiohead, Beck, Jeff Buckley, Nirvana, and Tom Waits. I love Tom Waits." Whether it happened this week or 10 years ago, it's all the same. She's not overtly 21st century; has no opinion of her fan-created Website, *Confessions of Natasha Lyonne* (natasha-lyonne.is-here.net), because she has no access to the Web—"I don't have a computer. I had one, but it broke"; evinces no interest in rap or electronica. On a recent foray to a nightclub, she "had to leave. There was too much herpes flying around. I was afraid I was going to get contact herpes just from being in there."

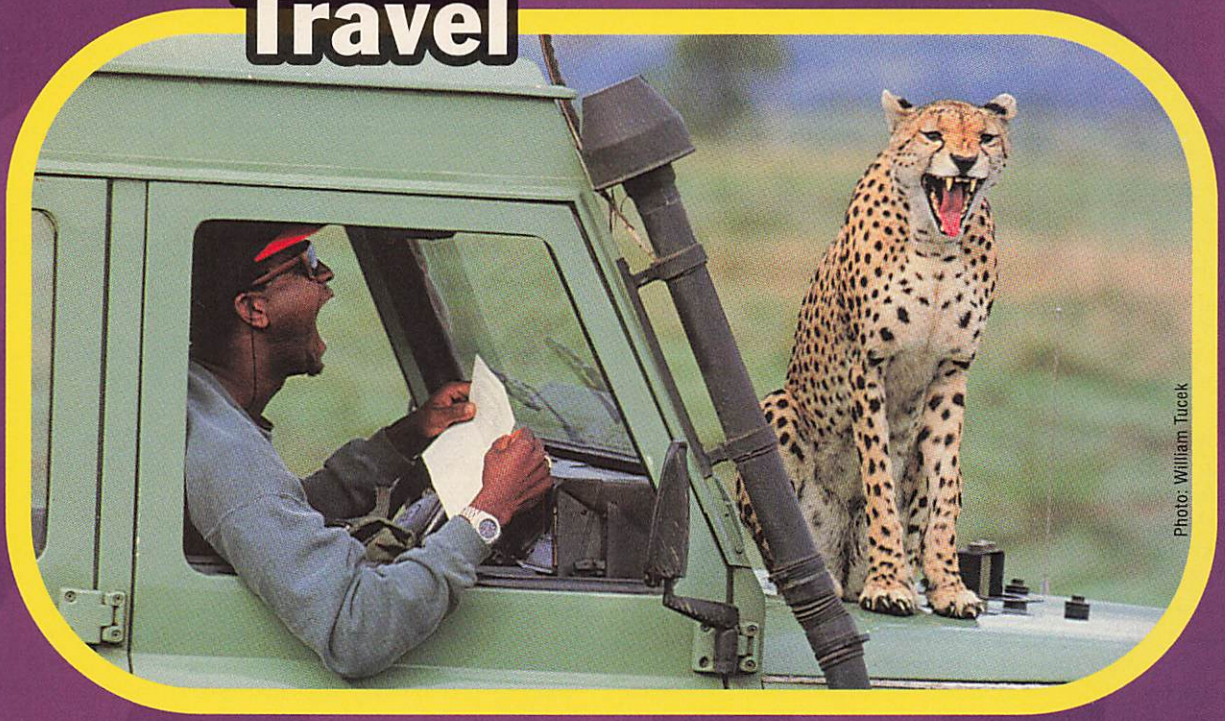
Natasha, Rising

When a waiter sidles up and nervously asks for an autograph, it reminds us why we're here: Lyonne, computerless, owner of eight pieces of clothing, is a star now. With her trademark mane of wild-woman curls blown out for *Cheerleader's* press junket, she's beginning to look the part—"I get much more respect with straight hair. Cabs stop for me." The waiter pauses, fidgeting, hopeful. "Are you serious?" she asks him, her eyes widening as the cigarette hangs off her lip. He nods.

Lyonne insists this doesn't happen often. But, she adds, "I do get a lot of double takes. People come up to me and are like, 'Hey, didn't we meet somewhere, sometime?' And I'm like, 'yeah, sure,' because I don't want to confuse them, and I also don't want to be like 'No, you just saw me in a movie.' I mean, what would that be?"

Lyonne in love: Asked about paramour Edward Furlong, the normally glib actress is momentarily at a loss for words.

YAHOO! Travel Photo Contest



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*Any city in the world serviced by a major U.S. based air carrier, not to exceed $3000 per ticket.

A Hollywood Education

Still, she's not immune to bad fan moments. Her mother, she explains, frequently gets Natasha fan mail but doesn't seem to realize what it is. "She just thinks I know a lot of people in Quebec or wherever. She sent me this package for my birthday, and there's this giant FedEx in it." Along with copies of *The Tao of Pooh* and *The Te of Piglet*, the box contained a "giant, really sweet book my fans put together with like 500 emails wishing me a happy birthday. But it was also kind of creepy. There was some guy who was like, 'You probably don't remember me, but I was your first kiss when you were eight at summer camp.'" She makes a face: That kind of attention leaves her visibly queasy, if only for a moment.

She's on a collision course with more fan mail, however, and more attention. This summer those "once in a blue moon" parts started coming her way. She began shooting an indie feature, (familiar territory to Lyonne) called *Night of the Golden Eagle*. It's also a reunion with Adam Rifkin, who directed her in the Kiss-tribute *Detroit Rock City*. In Rifkin's gritty script, Lyonne plays a hooker, starring opposite actress/performance artist Anne Magnuson and Hollywood legend James Caan.

The other film is new territory, a major Hollywood comedy entitled *Plan B* that co-stars Diane Keaton as a reluctant Mafia hit woman. Keaton's character kidnaps her marks because she can't bring herself to shoot them. Hiding out in Florida, she encounters a very nosy neighbor, played by Natasha. Says Lyonne, "Diane Keaton saw my audition tape and was like, 'Hire that girl.' It's a thrill."

The Quiet Life, L.A. Style

Everything seems to be coming together, and coming up roses. This is a portrait of an actress at the cusp, but she's also firmly entrenched in the life of a young star. Which means she calls Los Angeles her adopted home. "I was the obnoxious teenage New Yorker who was like, 'F**k L.A.,' but I don't entirely feel that way any more." New York's still her "favorite place aesthetically." She can see the Empire State Building from her balcony, and delights in a certain Japanese restaurant whose staff is so rude it makes her be polite. "If you want a cup of coffee in L.A. it takes 15 minutes to get it," the admitted caffeine addict notes. "Here, two seconds later you're drinking it." All the same, being based in L.A. has its advantages. As she explains, everyone's in the business in L.A., so you know where you stand.

So has she adapted to the legendary Tinseltown high life? Not quite. On the subject of drugs, she reflects. "Everyone has their phases. I think being sober is just being real. Now that I'm 21, it's really fun to go to a slimy bar and order a drink, just for the hell of it, but it does take a lot of the rebellion out of it." Turns out she used to be a big fan of Schlitz Malt Liquor, even collected the paraphernalia. Now, she adds,"It would be pretty hard to get me to drink any sort of malt liquor."

She has dreams—wants to have a band someday, wants to write and direct, and she'd love to host *Saturday Night Live*—when, as she puts it rather humbly, she's "biggah." She's even got a skit planned: "I play all the parts in *Taxi Driver*. One second I'm Harvey Keitel, peeling an orange or something. And then the next second I'm Jodie Foster walking down the street. Then I'm Robert De Niro doing push-ups."

For now, she keeps company with actor Edward Furlong, who she's been dating since they met on the set of *Detroit Rock City*. When first asked about him she gets a huge, stupid grin on her face, momentarily at a loss for words. On behalf of his acting, she pipes up. "Definitely," she says with confidence, "one of the best of his generation."

She also has a group of loyal friends that feel like family. They stay home; they watch movies. Clearly, this is a different world, which she tries to explain: "People *in* the business don't really care. You're just another person in the business, and they don't have anything to gain from you. Like Clea—she's just another actress. She has nothing to gain from being my friend. I have nothing to gain from being her friend besides hanging around with a really cool person. It's what I imagine a college buddy is like."

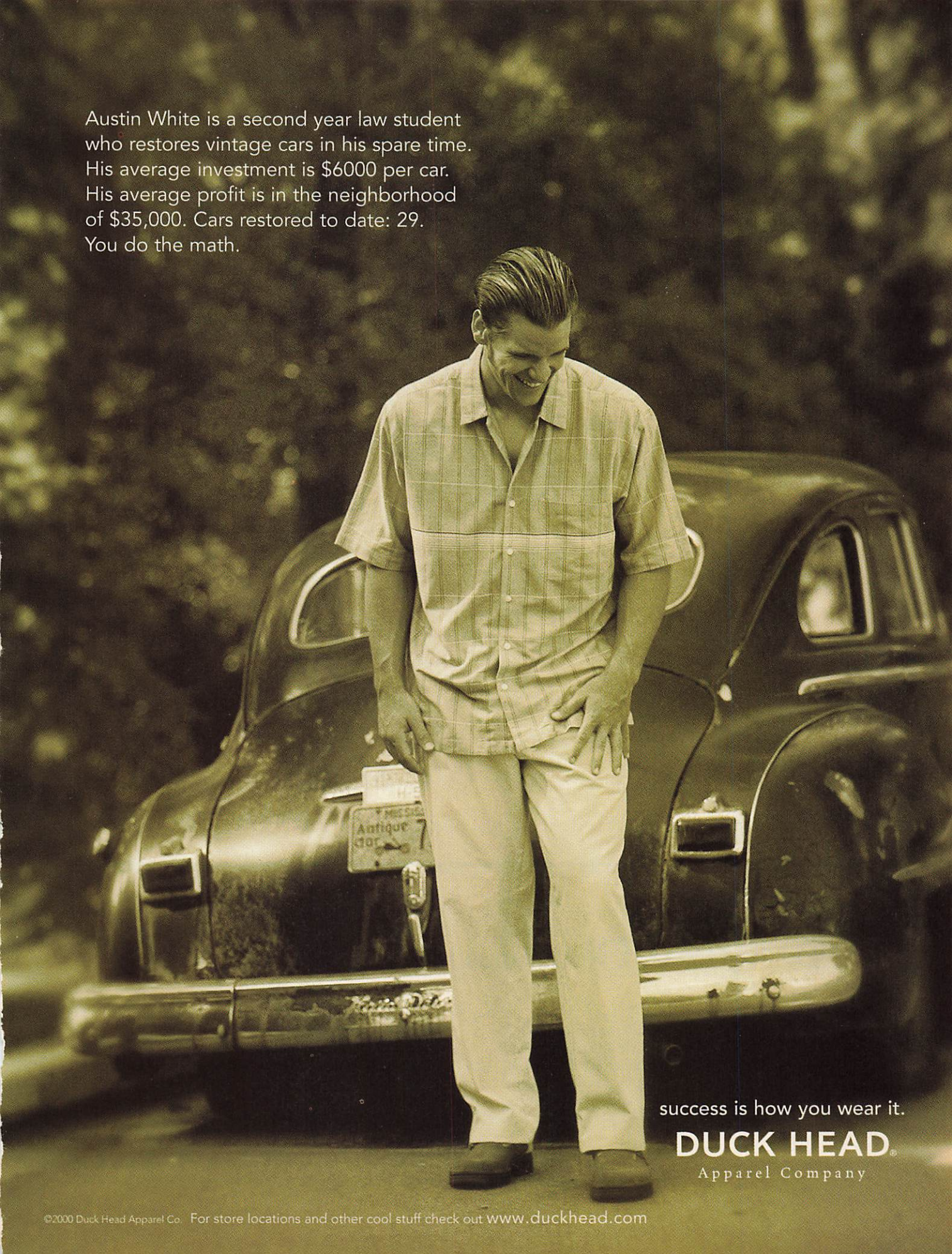
> "I don't want all the college kids to be like, 'You pseudo-intellectual punk, you don't know anything.'"

College?

Lyonne's just imagining. She's clearly well-read—her conversation is sprinkled with references to Joseph Conrad and T.S. Eliot and even Steven Hawking, but it's never to the point of being pretentious. ("I don't want all the college kids to be like 'You pseudo-intellectual punk, you don't know anything, you dumb actress,'" she says.) And she's tried to go to college, more than once. But her schedule has foiled her time and again. "Basically every time I'd enroll I'd get a job," she explains, adding, "I definitely want to go and it's never too late to learn.

"You know, actors have pretty short shelf lives," she notes. "As long as you're self-educating, it's good to make your money now if you can.

"Unless," she says thoughtfully, "you turn out to be somebody that people still care about, which I obviously hope happens." Then she gets playful again, part of Natasha's charm. "I'm a young girl," she says, taking a puff off her cigarette. "Soon I'll get wrinkles and cellulite and no one will care. They'll be on to the next young thing." She continues, constructing her own wacky scenario. "They'll be like, 'We want the Olsen twins, not you! The Olsen twins are hot! They're on the cover of *Playboy* with Hugh. Hugh Hefner and the Olsen twins!'" She stops herself and giggles. "That is *so* filthy." ■


Austin White is a second year law student
who restores vintage cars in his spare time.
His average investment is $6000 per car.
His average profit is in the neighborhood
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The Inside Guide

Everything Your Student Handbook (or Won't) Doesn't Tell You

College isn't always pretty. Truth be told, it gets downright ugly, if you're ill-prepared. So we at *Link* spent summer vacation compiling a list of lessons for you, beloved readers. Chock full of the tips we wish we'd known earlier, this guide tackles only the toughest issues, like how to survive all-night study binges and where to score student discounts. Toss out those boring manuals you got at orientation, and get ready for a real education.

I. History Campus lore, off the books

A. Famous pranks

So you poured a little salt in your roommate's bed. *Big deal.* As one anonymous campus trickster explains, "The best pranks are immortal. They live on long after you're gone." Has Mr. No Name succeeded? "Not quite," he admits. Topping the ranks of the best pranks ever pulled:

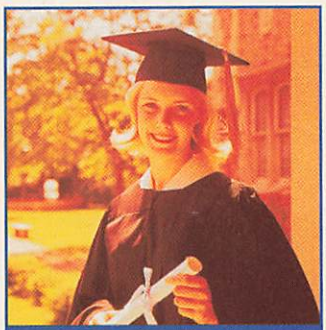
- **Harvard, early 1800s:** In the era of honorary degrees conferred upon dignitaries and donors for no reason, Harvard students pull a fast one. Using the seemingly official-sounding abbreviation Med.Fac., they send Czar Alexander I of Russia an honorary Harvard Medical School diploma. The

Let's talk turkey: What distinguishes you from the rest of the flock isn't going to be those long hours spent in the chem lab, it's going to be the time you blew up the chem lab.

Turkeys photo: FPG/©Sickles Photo Reporting.

czar, thrilled and deeply honored, lavishes gratitude and gifts on a baffled medical faculty. Did he ever discover the degree was a fake? Is Harvard in Massachusetts?

- **The Rose Bowl, California, 1961:** The nationally televised game between the University of Washington and the University of Minnesota is the site of an unforgettable Caltech prank. Some 2,000 fanatic UW students are given placards that, they're told, will form giant inspirational messages for their team when held up. At halftime, they raise their cards on command. The stadium goes crazy. The broadcasters are speechless. The fans think they've done their job until someone points out what the cards really spell: "CALTECH," where the game's being held.
- **Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1994:** It's the morning of the last day of classes at ultra-serious MIT. Business as usual? Not quite. When cramming students stagger onto campus, they're treated to a special sight. There's a police car—with cop behind the wheel and lights flashing—sitting atop MIT's landmark, 147-feet high Great Dome. Turns out, some insomniac pranksters decided to have a little fun in the middle of the night. They climbed atop the Great Dome with a dissembled car exterior and a dummy, reassembled the car with the dummy in the driver's seat and started the flashing lights. Morning throngs gathered. Tests were nearly missed. In the hours before school officials could dismantle the spectacle, it made national news, and a few geeks got their 15 minutes of fame. ■



Is finding a virgin in college really harder than locating one on prom night? Only campus statues know for sure.

B. Virginity myths

Myths involving virgins and their impact on college architecture abound—must be something about all that monolithic purity.

According to the still-virginal (and proud) Carmen Roman, a University of Florida junior, "a brick will fall from [UF's] Century Tower for every virgin who graduates."

As of yet, the 1953 bell tower remains intact. But if the legend's true a brick *will* fall when Roman graduates.

"It might be the only one in UF's history," she adds. And now, some other virginity myths:

- **Pennsylvania State University:** A century-old obelisk will crumble if a virgin graduates.
- **University of Michigan:** Stone pumas at the entrance to a campus museum will roar if a virgin walks between them.
- **University of Texas-Austin:** Wing-less horse statues in Littlefield Fountain will fly around the tower and back if a virgin graduates.
- **Cornell University:** Statues of the school's two founders will step off their pedestals and shake hands if a virgin crosses their paths at midnight.
- **University of Nebraska:** Twenty-four Doric columns will crumble if a virgin graduates. ■

C. Naked traditions

There's something to be said for tradition, especially when carried out in the nude. Charles Zewe and his Tulane University Sigma Chi frat brothers say the best in-the-buff events are spontaneous. His favorite? When seven naked comrades sped through campus in an open jeep and on motorcycles. Well Charles, it's been done before. Here, we streak through clothes-free history:

NAKED TRADITIONS 1804–1998

1804
Washington and Lee University levels one of the earliest charges of "running naked through the streets" at a student, who later became a U.S. House Representative.

Late 1800s
Yale University's swim team inaugurates its annual "strip show," parading freshmen stripped down to their skivvies before heckling teammates.

1930s–'40s
Streaking's a campus fad across the country, though the coming war will cover nearly everyone in sober Army drab.

Post-Vietnam War era
As peace returns to campus, so do naked fads. Princeton University holds its first Nude Olympics in the '70s (they will be banned in 1999). Florida State University officials spend the first part of 1974 chasing streakers all over campus.

1986
A crew team prank turns into the University of Michigan's official Naked Mile. To protest the event's commercialization, the team will boycott 1999's run.

1991
The first annual Nude and Breast Freedom Parade is held in Berkeley, California.

1995
In an ironic twist, female students at Yale University end up in *Playboy* after streaking to protest the unattainable body images the magazine promotes. The headline: "Women of the Ivy League: We scored again with another classload of smart, sexy coeds."

1997
A trio of free-spirited, mostly undressed University of Florida students—calling themselves the "Naked Party"—make a bid for Student Government office. Alas, the second Boxer Rebellion isn't so successful.

1998
The class councils at Northwestern University sponsor the Winter Blast carnival, which includes a 5K coed strip-as you-go run.

Graduate photo: FPG/©Willinger. Bubble photo: ©FPG Intl. Streakers photo: ©Corbis.

II. Academics

How to get ahead without really trying

A. All-nighters

Can a week's sleepless cramming truly compensate for a semester of academic apathy? A recent University of California-San Diego study found that after long periods without sleep, the brain's data-organizing parietal lobe becomes more active. Good news? Not entirely. The increased functionality only happens when the sleep-deprived perform verbal tasks, like speaking. And the National Sleep Foundation still insists that to function optimally, adults need at least eight hours of sleep. So the next time you're halfway through your second all-nighter, you might as well do something constructive:

- **Watch TV.** At 3:30 in the morning, everything is stimulating and hypnotic. For big fun, try to discern the images on that blocked-out porn channel.
- **Go to the convenience store.** Know why you can't think? Because you haven't had a sugary, slippery Slurpee all month!
- **Delude yourself.** That's 10 pages, and it only took you seven and a half hours! Now that you're rolling, you can knock out 10 more pages in three hours, right?
- **Have an epiphany.** Come to the realization that you never want to pull another all-nighter again and take precautions to see that you don't. Forget you did so 45 minutes later.
- **Feng shui your room.** *The Iliad* only makes sense when your chi is not being hindered.
- **Cry.** Like a bitch. ■

B. Plagiarism

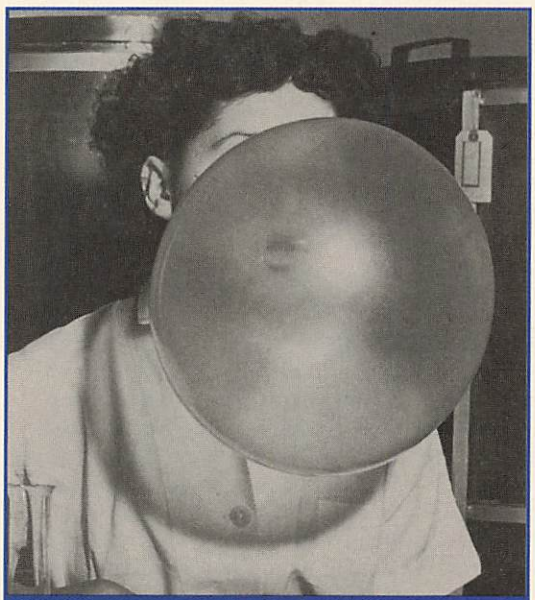
Profs may hate it, but it's not going away. Combine the current climate of brash entrepreneurship with the infinite reach of the Net, and you've got what some colleges might call a plagiarism plague. So much for the old-fashioned fraternity term-paper mill. Plagiarism's a virtual cottage industry online.

Baruch College junior Isaac Graham*, who admits to using some of the sites, cites SchoolSucks.com and Yahoo! as featuring a whole list of papers. Some dot-coms charge per page, others for access to their term-paper inventory. It's almost as easy as sending brownies to your mother.

But watch out. Faculty members have broken out the high-tech weaponry, too. Using Plagiarism.org, professors can "fingerprint" papers to determine if passages of one student's paper have been lifted from another's. Other sites can cross-check millions of published essays with runs of suspiciously brilliant student prose.

Still, despite the ever-present threat of suspension and expulsion, such sites are too convenient to pass up. As Green rationalizes (bastardizing a quote of Pablo Picasso's), "Good artists copy. Great artists cheat." ■

*Name changed.



All-nighter Procrastination Method #463: Blow the biggest bubble you can from only one piece of gum.

C. Grades

Pop quiz: Does a good GPA pay off in the real world? There are two right answers. Georgia Tech senior James Rossi-Espagnet believes in the sanctity of the high GPA as he heads into the job market. He's found that "engineering and scientific type jobs do put the emphasis on grades."

And Hank Sherman, a man you might come across if you're looking for a job with a financial company (he works for business-valuation firm Kane Reece Associates, Inc.), asserts that a better GPA will clinch the hire. Of two otherwise equal candidates, he'll take "the one with the higher GPA." To him, good grades indicate good work habits.

Of course, not all of us want to work for Hank. Consider the creative fields or self-employment. Says Columbia University senior Hilary Feldstein, who plans to pursue a master's in French lit. after graduation, "In creative fields, talent is not necessarily gradable." In the long run, she adds, the satisfaction she gets from knowing she's "gleaned the most I can from my classes [is] far more important." ■

III. Financial aid

Where to go to increase your flow

A. Budgeting

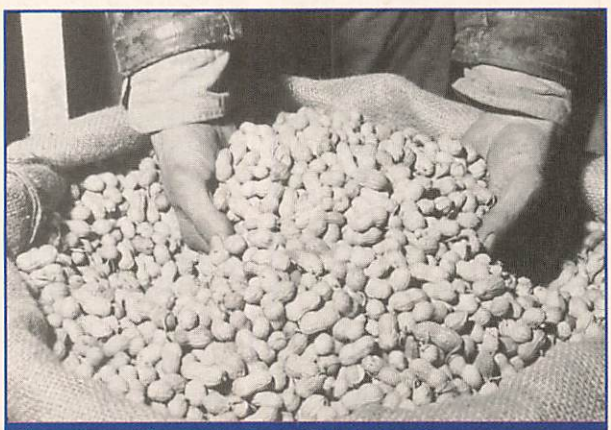
So you've been working after school for the last three years? Have a savings account? Are on full-scholarship? You're still not a certified money maestro—unless you also know the difference between good debt, bad debt, big banks and little banks. What about mutual funds? Even—retirement? Dayana Yochim, senior producer of personal finance at The Motley Fool (Fool.com), has advice on making your dollars make sense. Pay no attention, and pay the price.

- **Credit cards:** "Lenders salivate just thinking about what you can rack up on a card—pizza, books, beer, movies, beer. When you finally calculate what you really pay for purchases that you don't pay off right away, you'll be kicking yourself until you're 44." What cards should you spare from the scissors? "The one with no annual fee [and] the one that gives you a 25-day grace period to pay off your purchases each month."
- **Budgeting and banking:** "Get a debit card. When you run out of money, you literally aren't able to buy anything. Mooch the pizza and rides and the stereo from friends instead of paying for those things until you're gray." Shop around for an online bank without high ATM fees, Yochim says, since their lower overhead means they can better interest rates. Or, look for a smaller operation: Big-bank customers pay an average of 15 percent more in fees than small-bank users. And never buy checks from your bank; check out catalogs or online sites for discounted ones.
- **Savings and loans:** "Money may be scarce right now, [but] just putting away a little bit—that extra paycheck or that cash birthday present from Grandma—will pay off" later. Love your low student-loan interest rates. Pay them off on time. Your education is "an appreciating asset—[it] gains value over time." On the other hand, a car loan, says Yochim, "That's bad debt."
- **Investing:** Hold it. "Do not pass Go until you've paid off any high-interest credit card debt. Once you have three months' living expenses put away, you're ready." With the average return of the stock market (11 percent annually), you can become a millionaire in about 40 years, by investing as little as $2,000 annually. For mutual funds, try an index fund. "It's an easy way to get into the market without being glued to your computer watching your stocks." ■

B. Deals

You're a college student. That means between studying, partying and (ahem) growing up, you may be living off a bank account that looks like it has a tapeworm. How to save that scrilla? There are companies just for you. Recognizing the financial frustrations most students face, they provide services from discount long-distance rates to free condoms.

- For all-purpose frugality, check out **studentadvantage.com.** It offers members cards that can reduce the price of lots of stuff, from bus tickets to dry cleaning bills.
- The popcorn was stale and so was the blockbuster you wasted a 10-spot on. Why buy retail? Most theater chains offer **student discounts.** Flash your ID at the box office and smile.
- From Papua New Guinea and suffering from narcolepsy? **FastWeb.com's** got a scholarship for you. This free online service matches your profile with scholarships and grants you didn't even know existed.
- Procrastinate for free. Call up friends nationwide through **Dialpad.com,** which offers free Web-to-phone service for anyone who registers.
- Your school doesn't provide free Internet service? Try these: **BlueLight.com, 1stUp.com** and **FreeAtLast.com.** For discounted software and hardware, try **edu.com.**
- Price check on Trojan Wee-Warrior Condoms, aisle five! Ditch the embarrasment and get your fornication on for no money down. **Planned Parenthood** health centers give out free prophylactics by the metric ton. ■



If you know where to look, you'll find deals from soup to nuts.

Peanuts photo, ©FPG Intl.; Male researcher photo, ©FPG intl.

C. Jobs

Off the parental dole? Sick of eating for a dollar a day? If you need a part-time j-o-b, don't despair. In this booming market, you're a hot commodity. As CollegeRecruiter.com president Steven Rothberg says, students "have their pick of jobs more related to their career plans." So, before taking the dishwashing shift, look for companies that interest you. See what kind of part-time jobs they offer, and take advantage of company programs. UPS, for one, actively recruits students. Its "Earn and Learn" program offers part-time employees up to $23,000 in educational aid.

Realistically, though, you may not score such a snazzy gig. In that case, consider these non-traditional options, if you dare:

- **Donate sperm or eggs:** Make up to $75 a pop for sperm. Ads for eggs offer $2,000 to six-digits. (Just check your ethics first.)
- **Donate plasma:** Take the needle twice a week and take home around $200 a month. (Don't forget the fruit juice!)
- **Receive emails:** Companies such as AllAdvantage.com pay you to surf ads on the Web as your ass grows. (But click fast, or you may need to buy bigger pants.)
- **Be a lab rat:** Many pharmaceutical research centers and even some of your science profs pay good money for human guinea pigs. (Know, however, what you've agreed to do.)
- **Paint houses:** College Pro Painters Ltd. looks for students to lay on a few good coats come summertime. (Whitewash, anyone?) ■

Just a few more hours, Billy: Working as a human guinea pig can really pay off.

IV. Resources

Get connected, or else

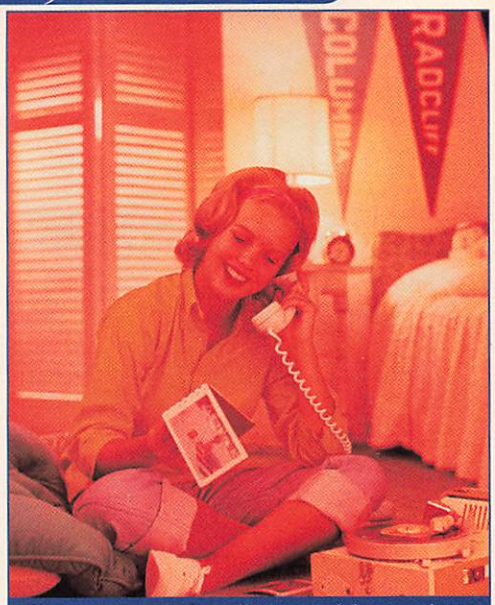
A. Internships

What exactly *is* an internship, anyway?

a. A job where you get paid minimum wage, fetch coffee and learn about your field.
b. A job where you work for free, fetch coffee and learn about your field.
c. All of the above.

Answered C? Got it. Internships have become a vital stop on the road to a dream job—in many cases, a college degree just isn't enough. Solid work experience in your field, paid or not, equals a foot in the door. As Georgia Tech grad Ryan Swanson found out, his internships at Motorola and Siemens Telecom Networks taught him "what was involved in my field and the dynamics of a workplace." Post-graduation, the confidence he'd gained was invaluable for his first full-time job search.

But some students are put off by internships' low pay (or no pay) and occasional busywork. Columbia University junior Rae Solomon interned for free at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum. She calls it an awful experience: Instead of working with an artist, she spent her time photocopying slides and filing. "I strongly dissuade anyone from taking an internship no matter what field they're in, unless they are paid," she says."Unpaid internships [are] pure exploitation." ■



"And then I said, 'Gee, I'd love to join your dot-com when I graduate.'"

B. Networking

"When you're at college, you're here to make connections," asserts 20-year-old Matt Kelley. He should know. His expert schmoozing while at Connecticut Wesleyan University resulted in his starting *Mavin*, a national magazine for multiracial twentysomethings. Now he's got his career mapped out for him. Brush up your networking skills with these faces and places:

- **Professors:** They offer honest advice, not to mention letters of recommendation. Milk visiting lecturers for all they're worth, too. They're fresh from the field, but available for a limited time only.
- **Career and academic advisors:** Get in good with them, and your chances of landing amazing classes or being mentioned to job recruiters grow exponentially.
- **Supervisors and coworkers:** People you intern for (or with) while in school may very likely be the ones you work for (or with) after graduating. Even the sketchy delivery guy you schlep with at Papa John's may be the next Adam Sandler. So play nice.
- **Extracurricular cohorts:** The old-boy/girl network's no myth. Whether it be forging a business partnership with fellow alums or just knowing a good lawyer from crew club, hanging now with people of similar interests will assist you later.
- **Classmates and friends:** Group projects and group sex can be two of the best college bonding experiences around. It never hurts to have a support network while in school and in the real world.
- **Friends' parents and alumni:** Old farts can be really cool—especially when it comes to introducing you to influential people. So swallow your pride and go mingle at that Class of '75 function already.
- **Loners, outcasts and freaks:** If you don't befriend them, you may have more to worry about than not scoring a job. Ever see *Carrie*? ■

V. Services

Underground activities for undergrads

A. Volunteering

Nearly half of you have volunteered at least once within the past year—many at grassroots organizations, as one recent study shows. This past summer, for instance, UNC-Chapel Hill junior Raj Panjabi helped rescue homeless teens in California. In training to be a StandUp for Kids volunteer, he wound up on the streets himself. "For 24 hours, I saw what it's like firsthand," he says.

If you share Panjabi's samaritan sensibility, check out these nontraditional opportunities:

- **Food Not Bombs** (home.earthlink.net/~foodnotbombs) The worldwide organization serves vegetarian meals to the hungry while also protesting war and poverty.
- **Boarding for Breast Cancer** (bbc.chickclick.com) Each April, the Snowboard + Music Festival features pro boarders, top-name groups and educational areas where you can find out more about the disease. And during BBC Board-a-Thons, amateurs nationwide raise pledges for local charities.
- **Do Something** (DoSomething.org) Submit an idea for bettering your world, and this organization might just make it happen. Past grant winners helped increase migrant workers' wages, exposed poor school conditions and improved youth-police relations.
- **Coast to Coast Challenge** (BikeCoastToCoast.com) Every June, some 100 cyclists set off from Washington to Massachusetts for a nine-week ride. Funds raised by sponsors go to community-based programs. Lazy? Join the ride for a one-week segment.
- **Habitat for Humanity International** (habitat.org) Skip the Spring Break boozing in Cancun and do something productive—like building houses around the country. Interested in a more exotic locale? Travel to India, where more than 5,000 houses have been constructed. ■

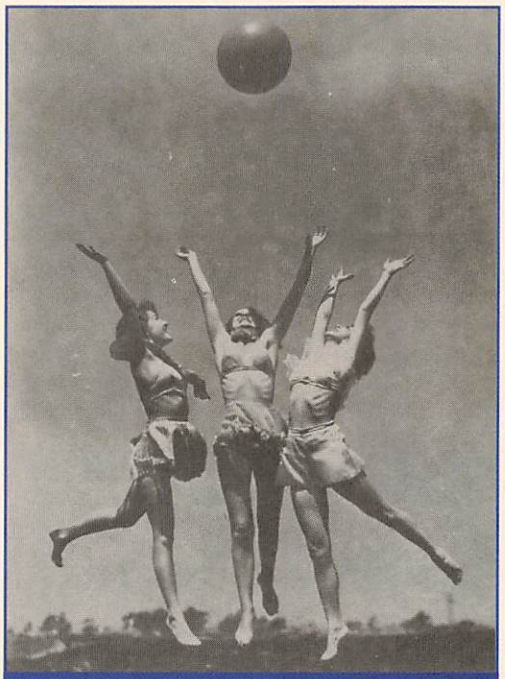
Teenage girl on phone photo: FPG/©Richard Beattie. Women leaping photo: ©FPG Intl.

B. Intramurals

You run left, juking defenders. Pow! Punch a linebacker and leave him floundering in your wake. To the 15...the 10...touchdown! You just won the biggest game in your school's history! Then the alarm sounds. You wake up and brush the potato chip crumbs off your gargantuan stomach.

So you're not former All-American Ron Dayne. So what? Athletic glory is still within your reach. Many schools offer alternative sports for out-of-shape champions-in-waiting.

- **Cricket:** Kind of like yard work but more annoying. MIT, Columbia, Rutgers, Penn and Yale all boast cricket societies. Crazy players don sweaters, polo shirts and cullottes. Then they can sweep, mow or water their ways to victory.
- **Broomball:** You, too, can be NHL star Jaromir Jagr. Psych! But at Boston University, Penn State and elsewhere, students improvise with broomball. Like a poor man's hockey, the sport's played in a rink but substitutes brooms for sticks, balls for pucks, and sneaks for skates. It's basically a bunch of people cursing, falling down, cursing and having a blast in the process.
- **Toss:** Involves beer. At Duke, this game is shrouded in secrecy, but we do know it involves frat brothers standing in a circle and tossing a football around—while each holds a can of Colt 45. In one variation practiced at Duke's Sigma Chi chapter, a frisbee replaces the football, cheap liquor replaces the beer, and players sometimes don women's underwear.
- **Footbag:** Soccer for longhairs. A small bean-filled sack is kicked over a five-foot-high net. Freestyle footbag is a one-person event set to music. Who knew those dingy skaters playing hackysack in the quad were thoroughbred atheletes, not just disaffected stoners? ■



Nothing like an afternoon game of triple-toss to get that collegiate blood pumping.

VI. Fun Stuff

That'll probably get you expelled

A. Alcohol

See Jared drink. See Jared drink some more. See Jared get so drunk so often he almost kills himself twice in three months—once behind the wheel and a second time from alcohol poisoning. Fortunately for the Eastern Washington University junior (last name withheld), he survived both incidents with only a DUI and an 18-hour hangover.

The 170-pounder readily admits he worries himself when he drinks, oh, 20-plus shots in one sitting, which is what he consumed preceding his second brush with death. "It was scary to hear about things I'd done and not remembered," he says.

To help you decide whether perfecting your kegstands is worth it this semester, *Link* compiled this blood alcohol content chart with a little help from the Traffic Institute of Northwestern University. Bottoms up!

Drinker	Drinks consumed in 4 hours	Approximate blood alcohol level	Effects
160-pound male	10 beers	.15	All physical and mental abilities impaired; difficulty standing and walking.
180-pound male	15 shots	.28	General confusion and haziness; all cognitive abilities disrupted.
120-pound female	6 gin and tonics	.10	Speech noticeably impaired, significant reaction-time loss, short-term memory loss.
100-pound female	15 light beers	.4	Alcohol-induced coma, possible death.

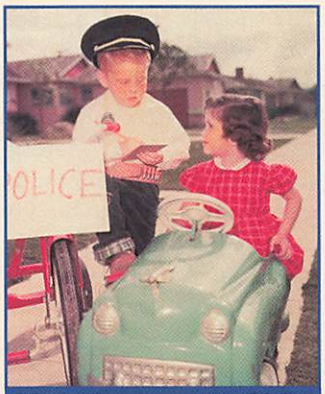
B. Fake IDs

They may be a cinch to get, but slipping a fake ID past club security is no longer as simple as whipping out a $20 bribe. As one Mission Beach, Calif. clubowner says, "My people are up on the latest technologies. They go to classes, work with scanning devices. They know exactly what to look for." Yikes.

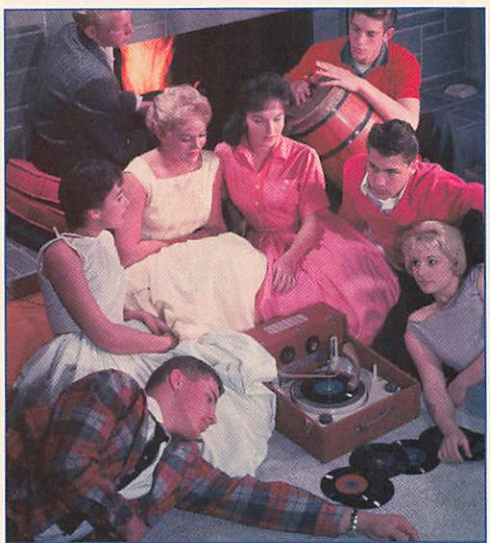
Still, the market's ripe. With modern technology, templates of state IDs can be downloaded and tweaked right in Photoshop. Forgers crank out fakes costing upward of $200, depending on exactly what you want done and how hard it is to duplicate the state of choice. "New Jersey is popular because it has a hologram that is fairly easy to duplicate," says Ryan Feldberg*, a Columbia University student who makes fake IDs. Adds Feldberg, "We use the same paint as the DMV."

But nothing this bad is ever all good. Get caught and you stand to lose big-time, including the possibility of jail. Your crime? In policespeak: "impersonating a living person." ■

* Name changed.



"But officer, I swear I'm 21."



Thought Aunt Pearl was a goody-two-shoes? Students have found ways to partake of forbidden fruit for the last 150 years.

C. Hooking up

***Link* surveys indicate that your choice of location for getting down reveals nothing about your personality. But it does reveal how much you love the loving. Here, the top 10 spots for getting your swerve on:**

1. **Service elevator:** Jam it for five minutes and, well, jam.
2. **Library stairwell:** Silent but sexy escapades can't be beat.
3. **Dining-hall kitchen:** Get your lovin' spoonful, but watch for falling trays.
4. **Student TV station:** Just make sure you're not on candid camera.
5. **Behind practice-field bleachers:** High school redux much?
6. **Open stadium or court:** Only exhibitionists need apply.
7. **Bathroom:** Find a stall with a lock and get busy during class.
8. **Conservatory practice room:** Make tons of noise—it's sound proof!
9. **Language-lab booth:** *Parlez-vous* kinky?
10. **Locker room:** You can even wash up after a sweaty love match. ■

D. Drugs

To inhale or not to inhale? The questions's been around for longer than you might think. Even your grandparents may have snorted or popped some narcs in their time.

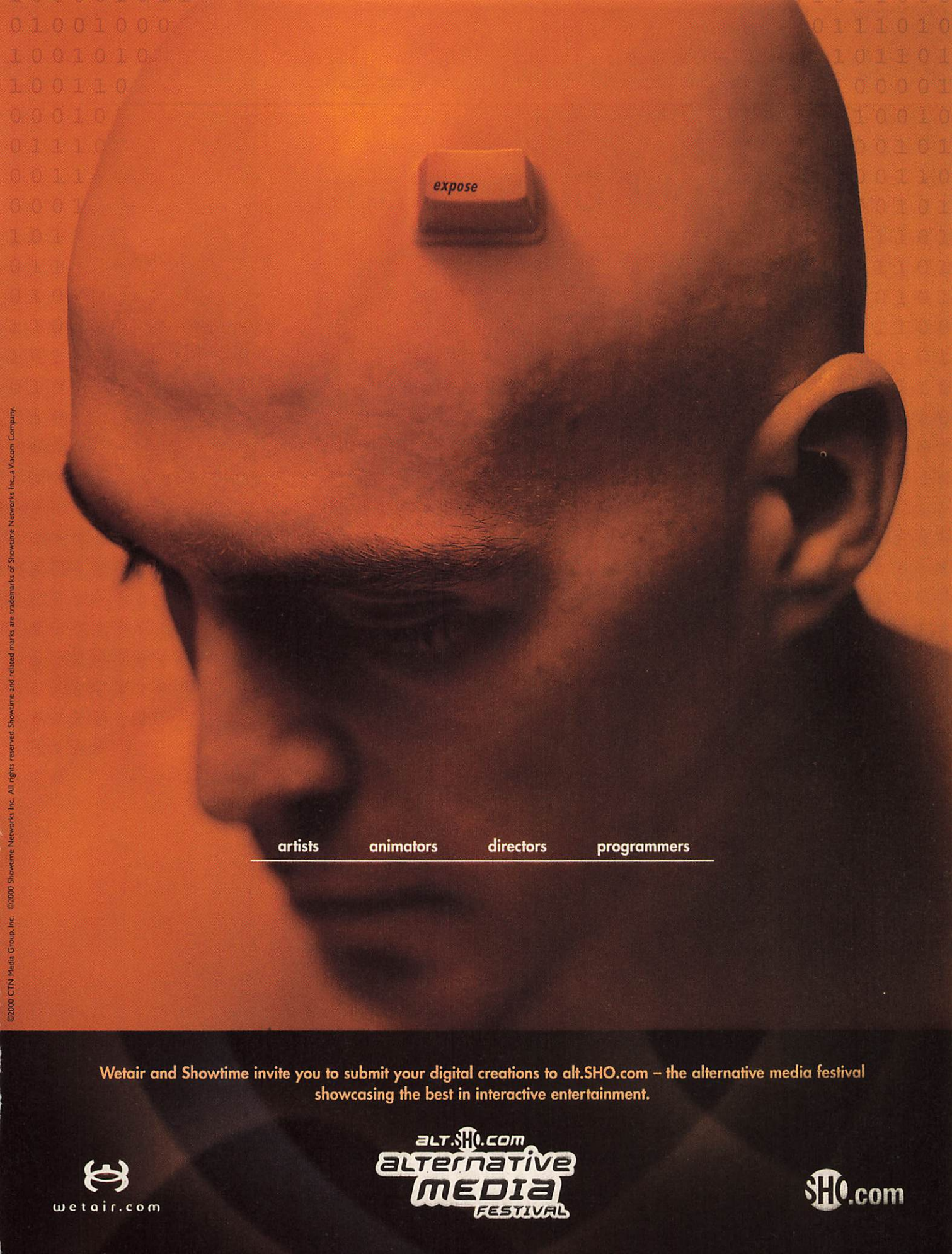
America, after all, is the country that put the coca(ine) in cola. (The drug was legal back then.) And it seems that especially when drugs are prohibited, their demand skyrockets.

Case in point: Back in 1926, one Yale University student told a state Senator about alcohol's so-called prohibition, "It is [readily] obtainable, sir—the greater the attempts at enforcement, the stronger the sentiment against it." In the spirit of zero tolerance, *Link* offers this timeline of when various poisons went pop:

DRUGS 1850s–1990s

1850s	1870s	1900s	1920s	1930s	1950s	1960s	1970s	1980s	1990s
Hemp, in the sap form, hashish, is legally and readily enjoyed.	Chinese immigrants' opium dens are big business, but are outlawed in the early 1900s.	Cocaine picks up where opiates left off, and is sold freely as "curative powders." Hash is still hot.	After prohibition, booze blows up. Cigarettes, also illegal in many states (particularly for women), are quite fashionable.	Marijuana, another type of hemp, becomes trendy to smoke because liquor, though legal again, is too pricey.	Post-WWII prosperity and increased importing lead to a surge in heroin (an opiate imported from Italy and Turkey). Pot's big among the beats, but no longer legal.	First developed in the late '30s, LSD turns on masses. Organics like mescaline, mushrooms and marijuana boom. Heroin's bigger than ever. Mainlining amphetamines takes off.	Prescription uppers and downers grow even more popular. Cocaine, the "champagne of drugs," is on the rise again.	Crack, a cheap, smokable form of cocaine, spurs Uncle Sam's vastly expensive War on Drugs. Ecstasy is banned in the mid-'80s, but by decade's end it inspires a whole new culture.	X, methamphetamine and ketamine are widely used. Marijuana's still huge. Super-distilled forms of coke and dope hit urban streets.

Teens playing records photo: FPG/©Willinger. Police photo: FPG/©Willinger.



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Free Your Clothes and Your Mind Will Follow

Autumn's gone ecstatic with fashion so mellow you'll feel buzzed

photography by Wendy Idele

▲ RAMPAGE white tank, $36; Polo Jeans Co. RALPH LAUREN sequin waistband skirt, $68.

▶ **Her:** to the max! crochet dress, $84; Gretel's clogs, $98.

▶ **Him:** Polo Jeans Co. RALPH LAUREN tie-dyed sweater, $98.

Location: Hofstra University. **Fashion Stylist:** Camille Moonsammy. **Makeup:** Aki Matuhashi. **Hair:** Justin Cruz. **Models:** Jacque Shoan, Christina Ritchie, Jennifer Roberts and Tim Rasmussen, from APM Model Management, Major Model Management and New York Models.

- **Him:** French Connection baseball shirt, $48; Tommy Jeans, $69; Nike Air Humara S sneakers, $85.
- **Her:** cK CALVIN KLEIN JEANS fucshia poncho, $78; cK CALVIN KLEIN JEANS, $78.
- **Him:** Tommy Jeans red T-shirt, $24; French Connection drawstring cords, $88.
- **Her:** H&M tiger tank, $9; H&M jean jacket, $35; Tommy Jeans cords, $59; J. Crew flip-flops, $18.

Kristine Moore necklace, $185; to the max! tank top, $54.

Her: A.B.S by Allen Schwartz orange sweater, $140; Diesel leather pants, $209.

Him: GUESS? plaid shirt, $68; GUESS? gray T-shirt, $24; French Connection drawstring cords, $88.

Her: H&M orange wool vest, $19; H&M floral blouse, $17; cK Calvin Klein corduroy skirt, $24; DKNY opaque tights, $12.50; cap, model's own.

Diesel green turtleneck, $149.

UCCICUCCI necklace, $23; H&M purple shirt, $17; Tag Rag olive cords, $52.

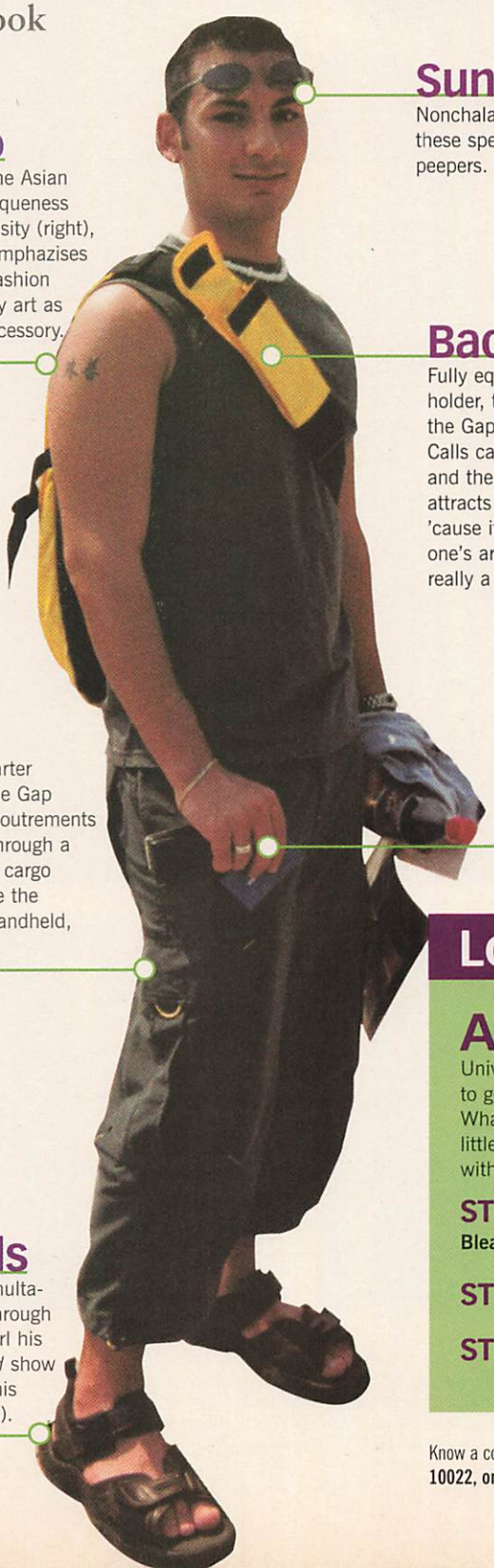
And on page 6: to the max! turquoise tank top, $38; A.B.S by Allen Schwartz jeans, $160.

Where To Buy

RAMPAGE: www.rampage.com; Polo Jeans Co.: www.polojeansco.com, 888.POLO.JEANS; to the max!: available at select Bloomingdale's and Nordstroms; French Connection: 888.741.FCUK, www.frenchconnection.com; Tommy Jeans: available at department stores nationwide; Nike: www.nike.com; H&M: www.hm.com; cK Calvin Klein Jeans: available at Dillard's; Diesel: 877.4.DIESEL, www.diesel.com; A.B.S by Allen Schwartz: www.absstyle.com, 800.449.5534; GUESS?: www.guess.com, 800.39.GUESS; Kristine Moore: available at Barney's and Fred Segal (L.A.); Tag Rag: www.tagrag.com; UCCICUCCI: available at specialty stores around the country; J. Crew: www.jcrew.com, 800.932.0043; DKNY: 800.342.7070.

Stylemonger

Adelphi University sophomore Peter Yacobellis stood out at a recent *Teen People* trendfest. Check out how this fashionista gets his look



Sunglasses

Nonchalantly perched atop his head, these specs aren't really protecting his peepers. They're *framing* them.

Tattoo

Comprised of the Asian symbols for uniqueness (left) and virtuosity (right), Peter's tattoo emphazises his individual fashion sense with body art as the ultimate accessory.

Backpack

Fully equipped with cell-phone holder, this yellow sling-pack from the Gap serves function and form. Calls can be answered with haste, and the Velcro-opening noise attracts even more attention—'cause if a phone rings, and no one's around to notice, is there really a point?

Ring

The silver wave ring from PacSun Wear lets others know he's not afraid of commitment—to buy jewelry for himself.

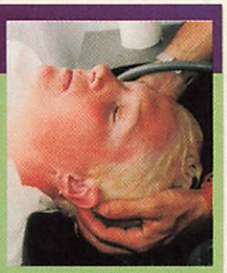
Pants

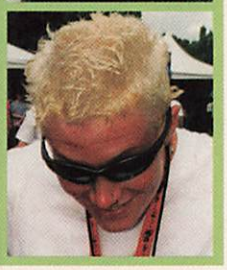
These three-quarter trousers from the Gap have all the accoutrements needed to get through a busy day. Large cargo pockets can tote the organizer, the handheld, whatever.

Sandals

Our boy can simultaneously wade through a rocky river, curl his little piggies *and* show off the girth of his feet (wink, wink).

Lookalike





At the Summer Gravity Games held in Providence, recent Brown University grad Ali Kenney, 22, decided to go bottle blonde at Clairol's booth. What would her mom think? "She'd be a little pissed." Was the new blonde happy with the results? "Very!" she enthused.

STEP 1: Apply entire XtremeFX Bleach-Out Tool Kit to dry hair.

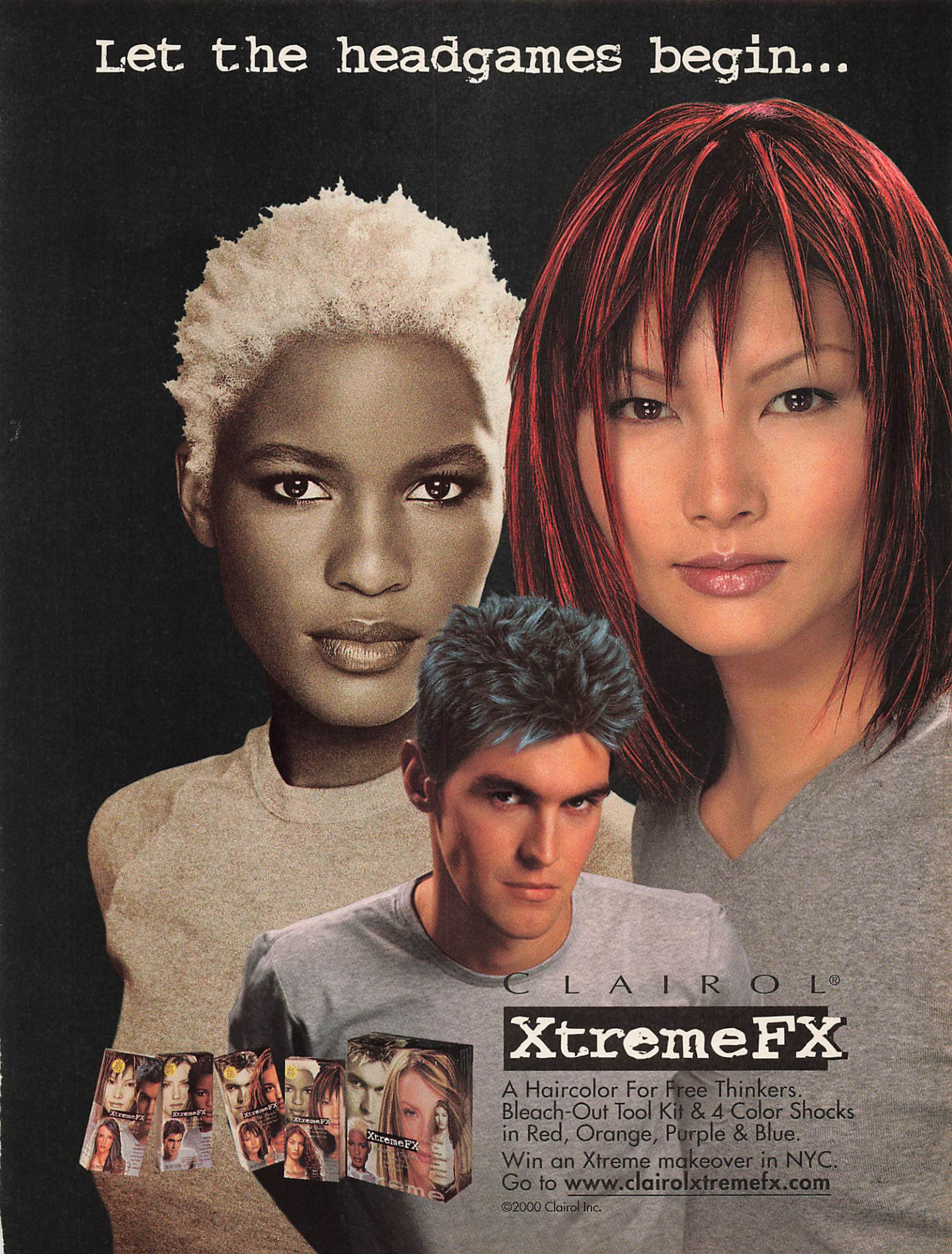
STEP 2: Leave in for 40 minutes.

STEP 3: Rinse, very well.

Know a college stylemonger? Send pix or jpegs to: ***Link***, **32 E. 57th St., 11th Fl., NY, NY 10022, or to editor@linkmag.com.**

Yacobellis photo: Hilary Feldstein. Kenney photo: Thomas Bugarin.

Let the headgames begin...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In the Hot Seat: Stone Temple Pilots

Can they prove they're rock survivors?

by Jay DeFoore

Back in the early '90s, when Britney was still a Mouseketeer and Marshall Mathers was getting his ass kicked by anyone over five feet tall, the Stone Temple Pilots dominated the airwaves with infectiously catchy, if not wholly original, hard rock.

The band's 1992 debut, *Core*, sold more than seven million copies and spawned the frat-house smash "Plush." But singer Scott Weiland sounded too much like Pearl Jam's Eddie Vedder, and the band followed too closely on the grunge movement's heels to receive critical acclaim.

"We really started out at a disadvantage with the rock press," explains Weiland. "Our success happened pretty quickly, so a lot of the ultra-hip rock press felt like they didn't play a part in our coming up. Now we've come to the other side where we're one of the only bands that are overall respected," he says, pausing. "It's fulfilling."

But it hasn't been easy. While wrestling with heroin addiction, Weiland's life took on the all-too-familiar ring of a VH1 special: Arrest. Probation. Prison. Rehab. Overdose. Back to prison—the last time for seven months.

STP: Love them for their tunes, not their troubles. Weiland, Robert Deleo, Dean Deleo and Eric Kretz.

Now nearly one-year sober, Weiland attributes the accomplishment to spending time in jail ("not something I would ever want to experience again"), being diagnosed with and understanding his bipolar disorder ("the more well-rounded I am, the less I find myself suffering from the symptoms") and marrying model Mary Forsberg.

STP's recent tour with the Red Hot Chili Peppers kept the momentum going. "We get off on seeing people get their aggressions out—one aspect of this band that's real," the lanky singer says. "We want [our fans] to know more about what we are as a band musically than [about] what troubles we've gone through." ■

Candid Camera

Macy Gray's bigger than life, and we snapped her at this summer's Zootopia concert blowin' up—a bubble, that is.

Where Are They Now?

Life after MTV's *The Real World*

JULIE STOFFER

(a.k.a. Naive Mormon Girl), New Orleans

The Brigham Young University student was suspended for allowing boys in her room while on the show. And word has it, Stoffer's also been stricken with a blistering case of the cooties.

SARAH BECKER

(a.k.a. Alty Skater Chick), Miami

On her site Sarahscrap.com, Becker auctions off all the stuff—from *Pee-wee's Playhouse* toys to funky clothes—that she has to toss before moving to her new apartment. eBay it ain't.

KEVIN POWELL

(a.k.a. Angry Black Dude), New York City

Powell's writing career took off after the show, on which he was suspected of assaulting bumpkin Julie. On a change-is-good note, he recently penned the *Ms.* magazine article "Confessions of a Recovering Misogynist."

JASON CORNWELL

(a.k.a. Hipster Poet Guy), Boston

Cornwell must have really liked being in front of the camera lens: He's now starring alongside famed documentary director Michael Moore in *The Private Public*, a fictional film about (what else?) documentaries.

STP photo: Chapman Baehler. Gray photo: Jeyme Colodne. *The Real World*, Stoffer photo: Jimmy Malecki; Becker/Powell photos: courtesy of MTV; Cornwell photo: Michael Walls. Lolita Storm photo: Steve Gullick. Jean photo: Michael Caulfield/©AP. Björk photo: David Sims.

Bye-Bye Barbie

With their brand of electronica, a new crop of women is turning belly-button pop on its ear

by Evelyn McDonnell

Long before there was techno, acid house, big beat or electronica, a band from Athens, Georgia infiltrated pop radio with skewed party rock based around synthesized sounds. Maybe because they wore beehive wigs, the B-52's tend to get written off as a novelty. But the little girls know better. Chicks on Speed, a German trio that, along with acts like Le Tigre, Nic Endo, Hanin Elias and Lolita Storm, is helping put the sin back in synth pop, cover "Give Me Back My Man" on their debut album, *Will Save Us All*. They turn Fred Schneider's voice into robot speak, speed up the whole shebang, then add their own tweaks and burrs while pulling out the song's shouts of joy, as if these new chicks on the block are making a statement about who the true pioneers of electronic pop really are. Which is them. A fresh corps of women are launching a counterattack on the ruling class of Barbie-doll pop, creating some of the most exciting music since the Slits and X-Ray Spex took over punk, and L7 and Bikini Kill took it over again.

The movement's epicenter is Berlin, where the Lydia Lunch-ish Hanin Elias has been performing with Atari Teenage Riot for nine years. She's started her own label, Fatal, distibuted by ATR's Digital Hardcore. "It's gonna be a movement to change the music business and the whole world!" she says with revolutionary fervor in the manifesto from Fatal's first release, Elias's *In Flames*. Forget all those wispy or opiated-sounding femme-y electronica vocalists: Elias is an industrial dominatrix, and she could bring Trent Reznor to his knees. "Something bad is gonna happen to you," she threatens on the anti-Barbie "Slaves": "The only barrier of freedom are people like you."

Lolita Storm, an English group, also come out with guns blazing and drum machines on full throttle on *G.F.S.U.* (Girls Fucking Shit Up). Three hopped-up honeys take Britney-style pedophilic fantasies into their own hands with schoolgirl taunts about wanting "meat injections" and "Hot Lips, Wet Pants," while token male Jimmy Too-Bad throws beats and samples into a blender. (The album is mixed by ATR's Alec Empire, the Johnny Rotten/Ian MacKaye supportive male figure of this third wave of feminist punk.) Like the Slits, while they may be musically primitive, the Storm are the most in-your-face provocative of the femmes Fatal.

Electronica revolutionaries: Lolita Storm's Spex, Jimmy, Nhung and Romy.

But the *Germfree Adolescents* (that's the X-Ray Spex's classic album) of this genre is *Will Save Us All*. Where Elias makes noise-art and Lolita Storm agit-prop, Chicks on Speed eat pop up from the inside. "Glamour Girl" is a house love song; "Little Star," with its sad "titty twister" sing-song-along, is about the price of being a sex object. Along with the B-52's, Chicks cover "Warm Leatherette," the erotic dance track made unforgettable by Grace Jones. A good revolutionary knows her history: Watch out fatboys, here come the chicks. ■

Reviews

Wyclef Jean, *The Ecleftic...II Sides of a Book* (Columbia)

Wyclef Jean is fearless. He opens his second solo album with a skit mocking Sony Music Chairman Tommy Mottola and a retort to everyone else bugging him about a new Fugees record. Honestly, we'd all like to see the group reunite. Until then, Ecleftic reassures that there is life after Lauryn.

—EM

Björk, *Selmasongs* (Elektra)

Of course, one of the most successful and innovative artists working in electronic pop for the last decade is a woman, the inimitable Icelander, Björk. Her soundtrack for the Cannes-wowing Lars Von Trier film, *Dancer in the Dark*, in which she stars, is another offering of visionary whimsy: a techno musical, Disney on E.

—EM

Lil' Kim, *The Notorious KIM* (Atlantic)

Lil' Kim knows the deal by now: Give the rap fans what they expect. So on her new album, *The Notorious KIM*, she does just that. Let's run down the list: husky-voiced, ridiculously arrogant rhymes? Check. Dead cops? Check. Tales of sexual conquest? She gotcha. Shoutouts to her dead ex-lover Biggie? Uh-huh. This album is gaudy, insane and profane. You'll love every minute of it.

—Gene Demby

2 Skinnee J's, *Volumizer* (Capricorn)

Top three reasons longtime fans want *Volumizer* to be this Brooklyn-bred group's breakthrough album: 1.) The Skinnees' off-the-hook shows should be enjoyed by the more the merrier; 2.) their full-bodied beats and slick delivery now smack of big leaguers Beck and Eminem; 3.) true followers can be smug in the knowledge that previous album *¡Supermercado!* is still the band's finest.

—Sara Lyle

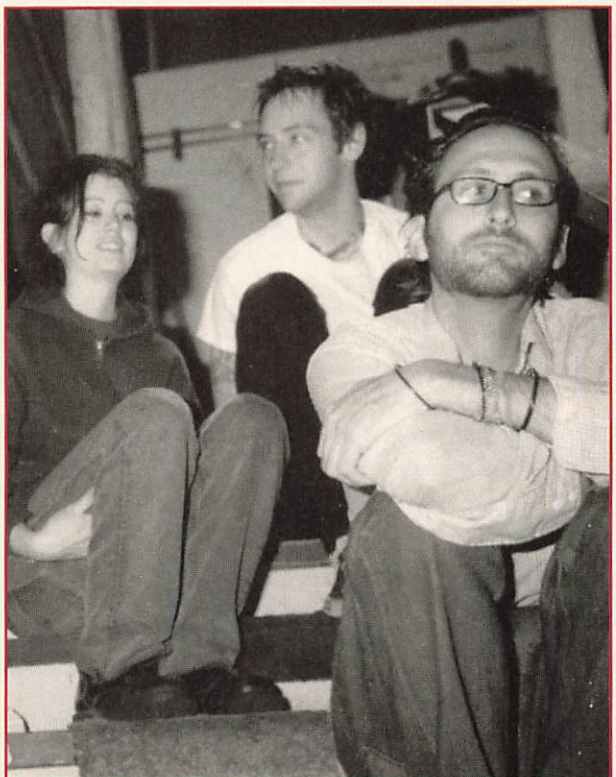
The Best Unsigned Band in the Country is Carissa's Wierd

by Mike McGonigal

A close-knit quartet of hard-living twenty-somethings, Carissa's Wierd makes unabashedly gorgeous, DIY baroque-folk indie-rock. Their debut CD, the self-released *Ugly But Honest: 1996–1999* (Brown Records) pairs stripped-down four-track recordings with lush studio tracks. With two guitars, violin and a teensy drumkit, Carissa's Wierd (yeah, they know it's misspelled) don't lure so much as lull the listener, hypnotizing with their eloquent, sleepy music. If you enjoy the music of Belle and Sebastian, Elliott Smith, the Magnetic Fields and Cat Power, you'll like them. This is the kind of music you turn off the lights and lay down on the bed to listen to. It's so unbearably beautiful, there is the urge to take it all in fully, without interference.

There's this really cool tension in Carissa's Wierd's songs between the aforementioned lovely music and the savvy, speechlike, wry, self-deprecating lyrics. Alcohol and heartbreak are the subtext here, but the words deserve the same scrutiny applied to one's favorite song in eighth grade. Scribble these into the margins of your math book: "Memories might last for years. Birthday cakes they always taste like crap," "People never listen to what you've got to say because they're so damn scared you'll be smarter than them," "I hate those fluorescent lights." The lyrics are not printed on the CD booklet. They're adamantly not the kind of band that prints its lyrics. "Our words are something we'd rather hide!" singers/guitarists Jenn Ghetto and Mat Brooke exclaim in unison.

The two folks who wrote these words, and the band's creative center, Ghetto and Brooke are longtime pals. They have been making music together since high school in Tucson, Arizona. New drummer Ben Bridwell has been friends with them since then, too. All three have crisscrossed the country together, work at the same burrito-and-bar joint and even spend much of their spare time together. "We're just like the Partridge Family," Brooke deadpans.



Poor spellers, great songwriters: Ghetto, Bridwell and Brooke of Carissa's Wierd.

Photo: Kevin Willis.

Unlike her bandmates, classically trained violinist Sarah Standard has thus far avoided the urge to cover her arms in ink. She isn't as involved in the others' extracurricular exploits, but she sure plays a mean fiddle; as she is the only person who seems very comfortable performing, she is a highlight of their live show.

Like Chan Marshall of Cat Power, CW have a bit of a hard time in even the weakest spotlight. "When we were just recording in a studio it was hard because we're so used to recording in our bedrooms; they'd say, "Can you sing louder?" And we'd say, "No," Ghetto explains. Carissa's Wierd plans for its next record to be more sonically diverse and to tour the country in the winter. If they can just get over the stage fright and learn to spell, the world is their goddamn oyster. ■

This Fall, CTN Brings You Exclusive Coverage of the Gravity Games

BEST BUY Turn On the Fun
Speed Stick

De La Soul
Officially Intelligent

Since 1989's classic *3 Feet High And Rising*, the hip-hop legends have been cool like that

Three is a magic number: Maseo (a.k.a.Vincent Mason), Posdnous and Dave (Jolicoeur, formerly known as Trugoy).

Their latest album, *Art Official Intelligence*, is three discs in one—featuring the likes of emcee Redman, Sinéad O'Connor and Portishead. Sebastian Steinberg, formerly of Soul Coughing, goes one on one with Posdnuos (a.k.a. Kelvin Mercer), talking about the art of creative humility.

SS: I've been into De La since you first showed up. Are the three albums done yet?

P: We're working on them as we speak. Originally, we wanted to have them all together. But we didn't know how much three CDs could sell for. So we figured it would be easier on the consumer to split them up. And then a little easier on us because we didn't have to have everything ready at one time, and we could continue to do fresh material.

What's your lyrical stance like?

I think myself and Dave, we always try best to be students of what goes on. We never take a stance like, "Oh, we are the Great De La, we did this." I love listening to cats from Common Sense to Black Thought. A lot of different cats have really sparked me on lyrical content and always keeping my lyrics tight.

As far as working, do you always write together?

I usually don't even hear what [Dave] does until he gets here. Occasionally we'll call each other. Like if I map out the song or he maps out the song, if his verse comes in off in an unusual place, he'll ask me, "Well, how did you end the rhyme?" So his rhyme will start off on the same cadence.

You opened up what the world of hip-hop was to me. *Buhloone Mindstate* in 1993 is one of my all-time favorite albums. Ever thought of touring with live bands?

Definitely. We've never had a problem with adding instrumentation to what we do. We've done shows, like at colleges, where we'll be performing, and there'll be someone in a band who wants to jump in. And we're like, "Yo, get on!" They're playing a *violin* on "Me, Myself and I." It's been really cool like that. There's a lot of different things we've been trying to put together for this project. Portishead. Trying to do this thing with Sinéad O'Connor.

How is it working with Redman?

He's hilarious. He's an incredible emcee, but he's also a real funny person. When I did the track ["Oooh"], I played it for the group. Dave said, "I hear Redman's voice on it, you know, during the chorus, not necessarily rhyming." I said, "Yeah, let's ask him." We're actually going to do a remix of "Oooh" where he's gonna rhyme.

I got to meet him on this really lame-ass tour, Sno-Core.

Yeah, we were supposed to be on that.

He was the one guy on the tour who wasn't in my band that I ended up hanging out with. He had to go on to basically a cold audience, and he was like, "Yo! Yo! Yo! Yo! Yo!" and it was *on*. He just lit the fuse every night.

[Laughs] I bet he did.

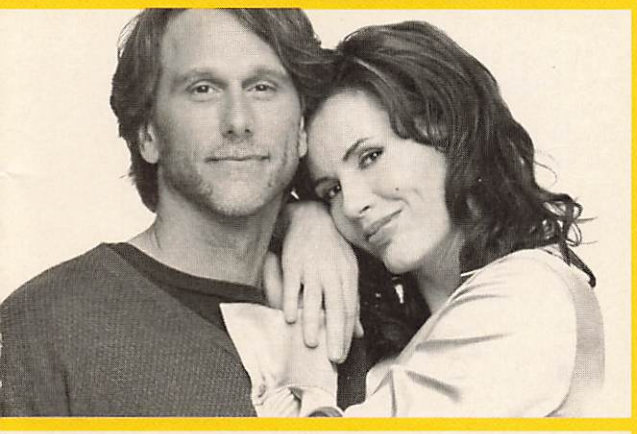
P.S. After a long game of phone tag, Redman left this message on Steinberg's answering machine: "O*kay*. Umma leave a *message*, so umma start *now*. Um, Yo Sebastian. It's *Funk* Doc, man. I've been getting the *messages*, man, and I call you *back*, and see, you pick up the *phone*, yo. Call the bro *back*, dog. Peace." ■

Photo: Mo Daoud.

We had quadruplets. Isn't there an award for that?

Gideon's Crossing

Between the experiment
and the cure.



The Geena Davis Show

From single girl
to mother of two
in six dates flat.

Madigan Men

Three generations.
One big gap.

The Trouble With Normal

Most of their problems
are in their heads.
The rest are right next door.

Introducing our new fall shows.

definitely abc

Trying to be a Manly Man

It's okay to be a guy—warts and all. Right?

by David Altstadt

I'm not the "average" guy. I don't sit around on Sundays watching football and slamming back Budweisers. I probably can't lift more than 100 pounds, and I don't gloat about how some girl sucked my dick the night before. I wear clunky black-rimmed glasses, have spiky hair, wear gray. In this world of *Maxim* and *The Man Show*, of guy humor and rampant tits and ass, I'm not exactly considered a man's man.

My girlfriend and I had just called it quits. In our nearly three years together, I sometimes felt a little un-manned by her. For instance, in the movies. Sex scenes were a problem. Girlfriend could have joked through them. We could have giggled together at the sweeps of skin. Instead she'd peer over to see if I was salivating over the actress on screen. It was uncomfortable, since I usually was.

Single again, I assessed the damage. I'd thought I was sensitive, a good listener. Yet Girlfriend could make me feel like a heel. Why did I try so hard? What did it get me? Walking down the street I saw the cover of *Maxim* at a newsstand. Gorgeous actress-creature in next to nothing. Got a rise out of me. Ahh. Welcome back, testosterone. I decided it was time to see how manly I could get. Forget trying to be understanding. I'd just work on my six-pack and perfect my burps.

I got some buddies together and we watched *The Man Show*. You know: Comedy Central's guy fest—juggy girls on a trampoline, jokes so off-color you can't even quote them without feeling like a jerk. We had the beer, the chips, the burps. Just guys being guys. My buds giggled at the midget during the opening song, gawked when the porn stars ate bananas, roared with delight when co-host Jimmy Kimmel threw out all his wife's cosmetics. There was much knee-slapping, arm-punching. My buds were having a blast. Me? Okay, I was laughing. But I was sitting back. Secretly, I wasn't really sure about this.

The next morning I mulled over *The Man Show* as I shook off sleep and a nagging sense of guilt. The show seemed so degrading to women. Degrading to men too. Does celebrating manhood require that you shelve *all* intelligence? Could I get some answers here?

To help me figure out what it means to be a man, I enlisted the help of some experts: *Maxim's* editor, Mike Soutar, since I thought he'd be smart but have a real guy's perspective; and Aaron Kipnis, Ph.D., a leader of the "Men's Movement" that arose in the early '90s and author of a book on young male violence called *Angry Young Men*. Finally I'd contact the source of my consternation: Jimmy Kimmel and Adam Carolla, the hosts of *The Man Show*.

Soutar went first. "It's okay to be a guy—warts and all," he assured me.

But *Maxim* tells readers how to get their girlfriends into threesomes and publishes photos of animals having sex. Some warts, eh?

That's progress, he said, pointing to recent history. "In the late 1980s, men just wanted to go see a shrink and cry around a campfire about how their fathers beat them up. *Maxim* couldn't exist unless there was that period when men tried to get in touch with their feminine side."

And now? I asked him.

"Now they feel more comfortable being men again."

But does it have to be unmanly to talk about your feelings, and—god forbid—cry? As sensitive a man as I'd like to *say* I am, I'm embarrassed to shed tears—and totally embarrased about *that*. Why are men told to hold in their emotions?

The next morning I mulled over *The Man Show* as I shook off sleep and a nagging sense of guilt.

We're complex, Soutar told me. Of course we can see a shrink and discuss our feelings. But we should also feel good about sitting around and drinking beer.

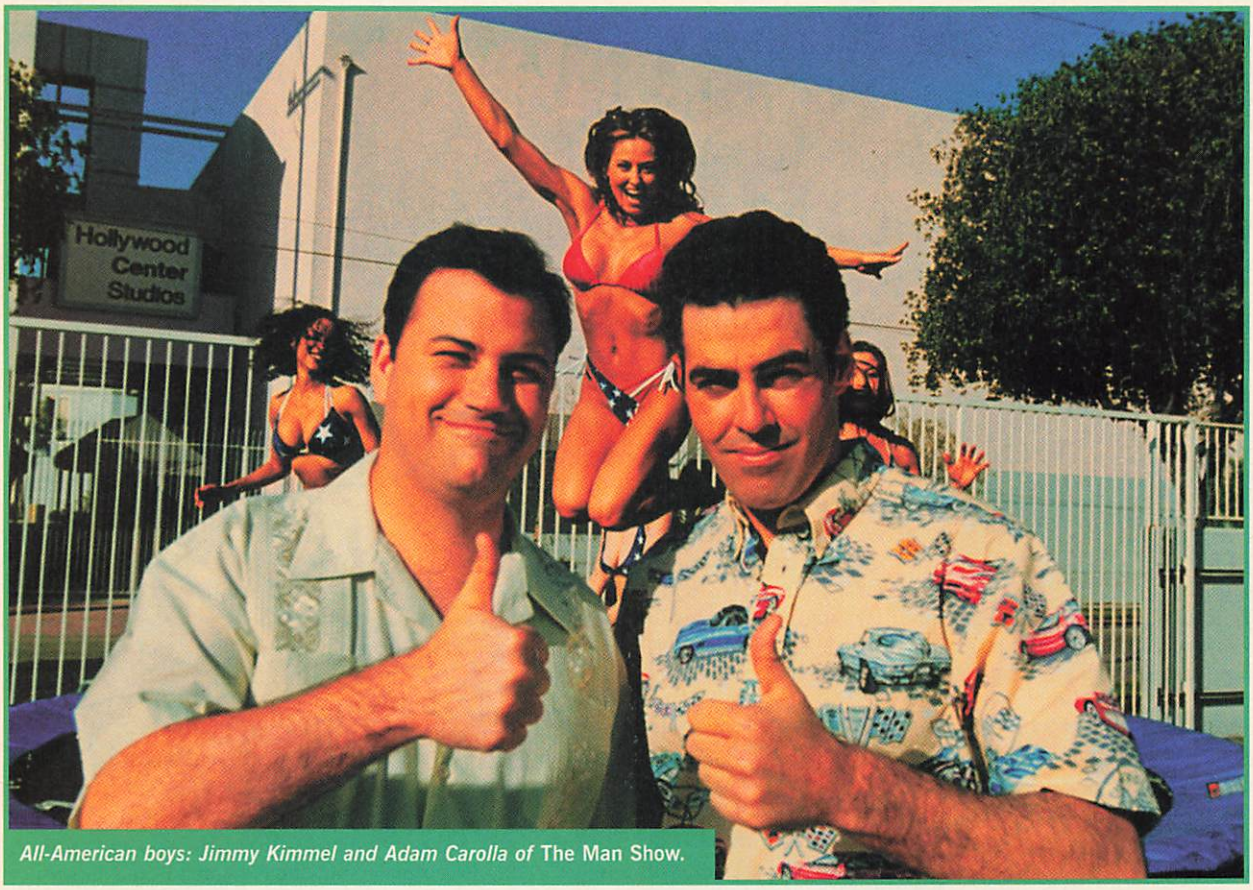
All right, I thought. But what about the magazine? It's been accused of being misogynist, of objectifying women. Should we feel good about that? I turn to Dr. Kipnis next.

Kipnis believes men read *Maxim* because it appeals to their fantasies. Fantasies? *The Man Show*'s fart jokes are part of male fantasy? Well, no, he says. "But most men are insecure." On *The Man Show*—or, for that matter, the thickheaded soap opera known as the WWF, "the characters are brash and confident."

Then why can't I get with the program?

To Kipnis, this macho'd-up version of the men's movement sets up very narrow criteria of what men can be interested in. Follow the directions on the manly package and your interests can be guns, girls and sports. But that's not enough for most men, as Kipnis states. "I [may] like poetry, but *The Man Show* says that's wimpy," he continues. "So should I accept who I am? Or divorce myself from my interests so as not to be seen as unmanly?"

Photo: *The Man Show*/©Comedy Partners, Inc.



All-American boys: Jimmy Kimmel and Adam Carolla of The Man Show.

There's the problem. We're afraid to look unmanly. Consider my behavior in front of my buds while watching the show. I didn't object to anything. Had I been honest, I would have. Instead, I guffawed, too. Burped. Gulped more beer. And felt—bad.

Men often put up false fronts when hanging out with their pals, Kipnis says. They don't want to reveal their true, less manly acting selves. So their lives are plagued with anxiety: *Who's going to find me out and when? Better not show I'm so sensitive.* Proof of how harmful this is, he notes, is well-documented: Men die earlier than women, and mainly from stress-related conditions, such as heart attacks. Men are more likely to abuse alcohol and to commit suicide. Men are a wreck.

"Most men feel alienated and alone," Kipnis adds, "driven crazy by the need to perform in both the boardroom and the bedroom, or [be] considered losers."

Alienated and alone? Losers? Maybe he's overanalyzing. After all, I didn't feel *that* bad. Walking down the street again, I imagine the dancing midget from *The Man Show*. It was funny. It was. *Hey*, I'm thinking, *it's not so evil*. Maybe the hosts had the real wisdom here.

I call Jimmy and Adam. I tell them about Kipnis, his "alienated and alone" stance.

"Kipnis is probably a fruitcake," Adam blurts out.

"Men and women are different," Jimmy adds. "A lot of stuff we like, they don't."

I concur. For example?

"I like watching people fall," Adam chimes in. "If a woman falls, her friends [all] say, 'Are you okay?'"

But guys, I ask them. Does anything give us the right to act like idiots?

Men are smarter than women, Jimmy says.

"Women argue they've been dominated and that's why they haven't been able to show their true intelligence," Adam adds. "How dumb [is] that?"

I'm listening, but they're losing my club membership. Problem is, I can't turn off my brain. What about marriage? I ask.

"I run my marriage the traditional way," Adam says, "like a fascist dictator—heavy on the *dic*."

Isn't that being dominating? I think, but decide to move on. Come on guys, toss me a bone here. "So," I ask them, "can men *ever* be sensitive?"

"Only if your dog dies or your team loses or if you want to have sex," Jimmy answers. "You must have an ulterior motive."

Sorry, women. Certain opinions in this article do not reflect the opinions of its author. I'll never be as sexist as Jimmy and Adam. But still. I suspect there's a part of me, like in every man, that relates to *something* on *The Man Show*. Because we do have our idiosyncracies. We do check out women walking by. We are too stubborn to ask for directions. We do behave like chimpanzees, or worse.

I do feel a little sorry for Kipnis, or for anyone who wants to cry or read poetry. Really. Men shouldn't feel embarrassed about this stuff. So I'm going to try to make a bridge here. As Kipnis says, "Sometimes men are fearless, sometimes we're not. Men need to stop being ashamed of who they truly are."

In my case, that means watching *The Man Show* and, maybe, liking it. I'm not going to change my looks or try to be insensitive on purpose. But I can relax. So what if I act like a chimp watching the WWF, or drool over starlets? It's all part of what makes me a man. And it's nothing to cry about. ■

Flicks

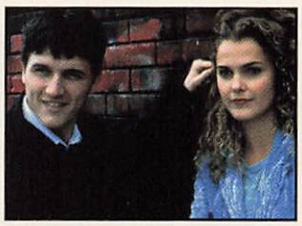
Ready to watch more than stuff being blown up? Fall movie season's upon us. These six films are worth a look

by Leah Reisman

Cecil B. DeMented

John Waters's latest features Melanie Griffith as an A-list actress kidnapped by radical underground filmmakers. Their nutso leader (Stephen Dorff) insists she stars in his film. Casting Griffith as a woman targeted for her terrible acting is a stroke of genius, as is casting Alicia Witt **(pictured)** and Ricki Lake.

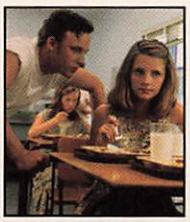
Mad About Mambo



See Keri Russell **(pictured with co-star William Ash)** prior to the tragic hair-cutting incident that almost nipped her promising career in the bud. See Keri dance. See Keri sport a Scottish accent as a lass in a dance contest. See her talking to someone other than her invisible *Felicity* confidante.

Coyote Ugly

The chick version of *Cocktail*, the movie that almost decimated Tom Cruise's career but was really fun to watch. Piper Perabo **(pictured)** is Violet Sanford, a wannabe singer working at the legendary NYC dive Coyote Ugly. With a bevy of babelicious costars, including Tyra Banks, it's raucous eye-candy.



Skipped Parts

Shockingly frank, side-splittingly funny, sweet, too. About the awkward mechanics behind losing your virginity, the embarrassment of your first wet dream and inopportune hard-ons. It's the 1960s: Fourteen-year-old Sam, played by newcomer Bug Hall **(pictured with Mischa Barton)**, befriends a beautiful classmate and discovers that sex is nothing like he expected. With Jennifer Jason Leigh as his promiscuous mother; Drew Barrymore as the fantasy girl.

Almost Famous

Set in 1973, Cameron Crowe's semi-autobiography on rock and love focuses on a high-school journalist who gets the chance to cover his favorite band, Stillwater, for *Rolling Stone*. (Crowe was 15 when he covered Led Zeppelin for the magazine.) As with all Crowe films (*Jerry Maguire*, *Say Anything*), the soundtrack's sacred—expect lots of great classic rock. Early buzz reports a heaven-sent script and breakthrough performances—Kate Hudson as a groupie, Billy Crudup **(pictured)** as Stillwater's guitarist, and Jason Lee (whom you'll hear more of) as its insecure lead singer.

Love and Sex

If the title's not good enough to bring warm bodies to theaters, nothing is. Famke Janssen **(pictured with Jon Favreau)** is a journalist, writing as a single woman on the difference between love and sex. Favreau (the geeky lead in *Swingers*) is her ex, hoping for a second round. Unlike most films about romantic relationships, or most films in general, it's written *and* directed by a woman (Valerie Breiman). Here's hoping for a fresh point of view.

Campus Classics

Four of the best college films ever, from the obscure to the obscene

Horse Feathers (1932)

College as completely absurd, is presented by 1930s comic geniuses The Marx Brothers. Professor Quincey Adams Wagstaff (Groucho) recruits hapless misfits (Chico and Harpo) to improve the school's football team. Hysterical.

Immortal Lines: Groucho suggests that the college be torn down, since the school can't support a college and a stadium. Asked where the students will sleep, he replies, "Where they always sleep. In the classroom."

The Graduate (1967)

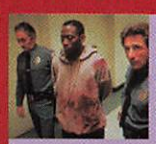
College as diving board into a meaningless pool. Dustin Hoffman is recent grad Ben. Seduced by Mrs. Robinson (Anne Bancroft), he later falls for her daughter, Katharine Ross. Razor-sharp script. The score launched Simon and Garfunkel's careers.

Immortal Lines: A well-meaning adult offers Ben some career advice: "I just want to say one word to you. Plastics. There is a great future in plastics."

National Lampoon's Animal House (1978)

College as an endless drunken toga party. Stars John Belushi as Delta House's reigning ham. Fantastic soundtrack (including "Louie Louie"). Big-screen debut of Kevin Bacon.

Immortal Lines: John Belushi shouting "Food fight!" in the cafeteria. Fresh-faced Kevin Bacon being paddled during Delta hazing, screaming, "Thank you, sir! May I have another?"



Higher Learning (1995)

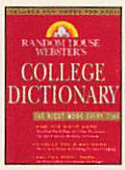
College as gritty reality check. John Singleton looks at an on-campus melting pot reaching a boil. Racism, date rape, a shattering climax. Stellar performances: Omar Epps, Lawrence Fishburne, Michael Rapaport and, believe it or not, Tyra Banks.

Immortal Lines: Said by an African-American woman to her well-meaning white roommate: "You gotta get that 'We are the World' crap outta your head. 'Cause it ain't gonna happen on this campus."

Cecil B. DeMented photo: Abbot Genser/©Artisan Entertainment. *Skipped Parts* photo: Chris Helcermanas-Bengé/©Trimark Pictures. Billy Crudup photo: Merie W. Wallace/Foto Fantasies/©Twentieth Century Fox. *Love and Sex* photo: Cass Bird. *Higher Learning* photo: Foto Fantasies/©CPT Holdings, Inc. *National Lampoon's Animal House* photo: Foto Fantasies/©Universal Studios. *The Graduate* photo: Foto [illegible] Foto Fantasies. *Coyote Ugly* photo: Frank Masi/©Touchstone Pictures. *Mad About Mambo* photo: ©USA Films.

Required Reading

Make a better dictionary, scream a better poem, read a better novel, cry a better story: four books that'll soften your fall



Random House Webster's College Dictionary (Random House)

No crusty tome, this new dictionary celebrates language's state of flux. Its front section, which surveys America's postwar lexicon, maps the country's linguistic progress: 1940s—*hydrogen bomb*, *jet plane*, *TV*; 1960s—*affirmative action*, *convenience store*, *sexism*, *tae kwon do*; 1990s—*active-matrix*, *corporate welfare*, *soccer mom*, *World Wide Web*. There's help on writing unoffensively (e.g., don't use "he" as a generic pronoun anymore), and some 207,000 definitions, including obscure scientific terms and short bios. So the next time you're trying to *chill* (page 230) and some *dork* (page 393) gets on your nerves, tell him he *sucks* (page 1308) in the most eloquent way possible.

—Gene Demby

The Park (Ing Lot), Mike Tyler (Washington Square Arts)

Mike Tyler's spoken-word poetry bounds right off the page. "New this year / again," he quips, "the life expectancy of a 21 year old / is 21." On the haunting truth about sketchiness: "i have this irrational fear / that i have this irrational fear." Profoundly base? Or basely profound? If you've seen him yowling out his poems onstage during a college tour, you know it's both. And now you've got a way to remember those elusive but catchy lines. Read it and weep *and* laugh.

—Liz Kessler

White Teeth, Zadie Smith (Random House)

Forget *Harry Potter*, or *The Poetry of Jewel*, or *Anthony Robbins's Guide Universal Domination*. Read a *real* book. Twenty-four-year-old Zadie Smith's first novel is a slamming tour de force that's made the critics snort things like "wise beyond her years." But she is. This story of millennium London centers around the working-class Jones and immigrant Iqbal families, chronicling the complex, fascinating turns their lives take. Smith satirizes everything from geneticism to family pride, from ethnic identity to suicidal tendencies, all with a deft, sparkling touch.

—Jana Martin

Venus Drive, *Sam Lipsyte* (Open City Books)

Lipsyte, a contributor to online magazine *Feed* and the former frontman of a noise band named Dungbeetle, writes bleeding-heart stories laced with black humor. His characters are clueless, obnoxious and sympathetic at the same time. His writing packs a punch you won't easily forget. On failed rock dreams: "Our music was in dire need of notes but we had the charm of the improperly medicated." On love: "That's when I saw her, Rosalie, standing there in radiant-slut majesty beneath a urine-stained awning." If Hollywood knows what's good, they'll turn Lipsyte's talent into a movie and make him some well-deserved cash. Meanwhile, buy the book.

—JM

Games

Our intrepid Game Boy risks carpal tunnel syndrome for you

Perfect Dark
Nintendo (N64)

GoldenEye fans rejoice! You have a new toy. *Perfect Dark* bumps James Bond out of the driver seat and puts bad-ass firearms into the hands of a new, quick-triggered secret agent, Joanna Dark. Don't be fooled by her good looks and skimpy outfits. She's on a mission to rescue a kidnapped scientist, and if you get in her way, she might just pump you full of lead.

Powered by a game engine based on the one that put the bounce into Bond, *Perfect Dark* is the perfect sequel. The adventure progresses smoothly as the stages and scenery get more and more elaborate. Soon, you'll be sitting on the couch wondering what happened to your fall semester. This game rocks!

Ms. Pac-Man Maze Madness
Namco (PlayStation)

Namco gives Ms. Pac-Man a 3-D makeover. That about describes it, except that the game is kinda fun, kinda cute and kinda something your kid sister would like if she had any idea who the hell Ms. Pac-Man is. Originally released in 1981, the arcade version sits in the game-rooms of such well-known celebs as Ben Affleck and the manager for 'N-Sync, or so trumpets the press release.

In *Maze Madness*, Ms. Pac-Man takes you through her enchanted world, where you make use of her mad pellet-eating skills and her newfound jumping, pushing, swimming and climbing talents. She's come a long way since the early days, but then again, so has Mr. Affleck.

Street Fighter Alpha 3 and Tech Romancer
Capcom (Dreamcast)

If you're not 100 percent sick and tired of the first-person combat games that Capcom keeps kicking out, *and* if you're big into fighting with your buddies over the Net or an absolute anime junkie, then these games are for you. But if you feel like you've played these same one-on-one, progressive fight battles before, then hold off until something actually new comes out.

Sure, these games have some new gadgets, bigger and badder villains and tougher moves to master. But they're not that much better than Capcom's past efforts. Wait for the next round of releases to spend your money—especially if you gotta shell out the 50 skins yourself.

Gran Turismo 2 Sony Computer Entertaiment (PlayStation)
Excellent follow-up to the original. All racing games should be this good.

WWF SmackDown! THQ (PlayStation)
Listen up, Jabroni: Wrestling is entertainment, and entertainment is wrestling. A winner for your PlayStation.

Crazy Taxi Sega of America (Dreamcast)
So you hit a couple of pedestrians here and there? No biggie. At least you'll get that tip.

Dukes of Hazzard Southpeak Interactive (PlayStation)
I really wanted to like this game when it first came out, but I gave up on it. After a second chance, it's pretty damn fun.

Super Smash Bros. Nintendo (N64)
And you didn't think you'd need another Mario Bros. game. Shame on you.

HOT LINK

So maybe Al Gore didn't invent the Internet. Maybe the record industry is a pain in Napster's ass. Maybe it's the other way around. Definitely, DotComGuy sucks. What else is new these days? Or *news*, for that matter? The Web's reach is inescapable. You know it. We know it. Take for instance, the New Jersey Institute of Technology, which offers both Webmaster certificate and e-commerce degree programs. Or the University of Hawaii, which allows master's candidates in information and computer sciences to take their entire course loads online. In light of this World-Wide-Web domination, we've added Hot Link, a new section with the best sites, the slickest gadgets and the smartest ways to use your tech-savvy to gain a competitive edge. Log on already.

Link's Links Our Dot-com Diva picks the best and dumps the rest

Tour de Butt: (tourdebutt.com) This site's creator travels to scenic vistas, drops trou, then has pix snapped of his derriere. The end result is proudly displayed on TDB. Likewise, he features guest arses, so fellow exhibitionists can snag their own spotlights.

iPing: (iping.com) Can't remember to take your pills? Still sleeping through that early class? iPing has the solution: free, tailored calls from the likes of Dr. Dose, Mr. Wakeup and Ms. Reminder. Just set 'em and forget 'em, because iPing won't.

CarePackages.com: (carepackages.com) Mention this site to your empty-nest parents and reap mega mailroom rewards. From laundry essentials and exam-survival kits to tailgating starter sets and junk-food remedies, this dot-com delivers all you need for back-to-school.

Mr. T's Be Somebody...or Be Somebody's Fool: (geocities.com/~mtbsobsf) This campy tribute page showcases sound bites from the gold-laden mohawker's 1984 self-help video for kids. While his gruff advice on peer pressure ain't all bad, his rapping is abso-ludicrous.

Dare for Dollars: (darefordollars.z.com) The webisode contestants on DFD have drunk milk until puking, been buried in bugs and dug through manure–all to win desperately needed cash. Watch and snicker, or get daring and laugh all the way to the bank. Your choice.

The Land of Lost Socks: (hoosiertimes.com/cgi-bin/socks) Every time you leave the laundry room, you're sans a sock or two, huh? The folks at LOLS understand your pain and have created a quiz to help the sockless find one another, if not necessarily their missing footwear.

atomicLiving: (atomicliving.com) This site's one-stop shopping features funky and functional gear—from sunglasses and scooters to bookshelves and computers. Better yet, you won't drop a load when filling your virtual cart—regularly updated deals guarantee that.

Billboard Liberation Front: (billboardliberation.com) "In the beginning was the Ad." So starts the BLF's manifesto. This site chronicles the group's 23 years of culture-jamming ad alterations. Check out their handy manual to bring the underground art form to your town.

Banned Books: (banned-books.com) Forget Amazon. This site lets you purchase select reads that no longer grace store shelves and provides a virtual encyclopedia of censorship links. Fight the buying power!

OverReacher.com: (overreacher.com) This personal finance site is too self-important for the quality of advice offered. Horribly designed and conceived, complete with ticker-tape messages and "The Millionaire Club" braggarts, OverReacher is a definite underachiever.

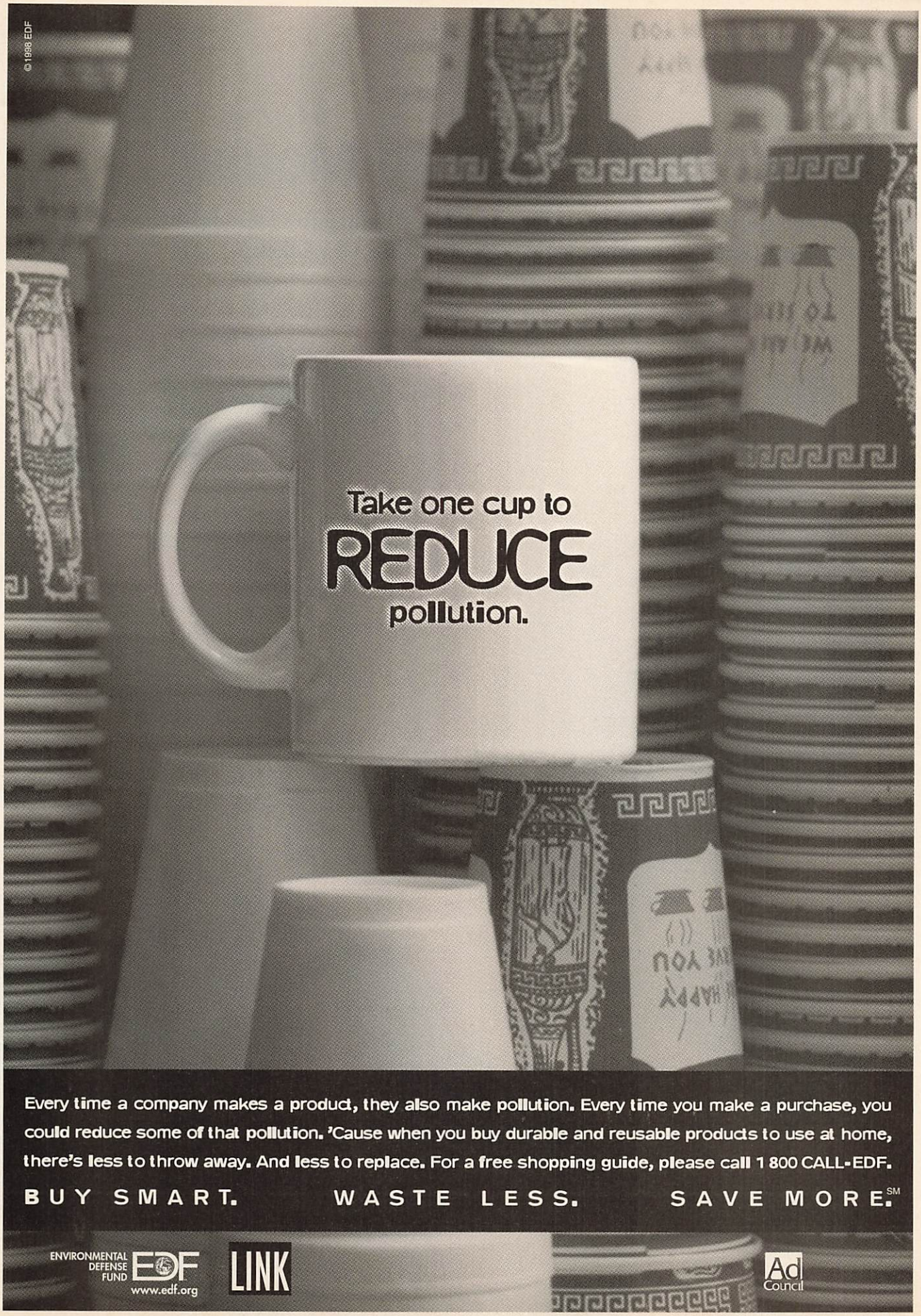
Funny

Useful

E-commerce

Lame

Illo: Felix Sockwell.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Take one cup to
REDUCE
pollution.
Every time a company makes a product, they also make pollution. Every time you make a purchase, you could reduce some of that pollution. 'Cause when you buy durable and reusable products to use at home, there's less to throw away. And less to replace. For a free shopping guide, please call 1 800 CALL-EDF.
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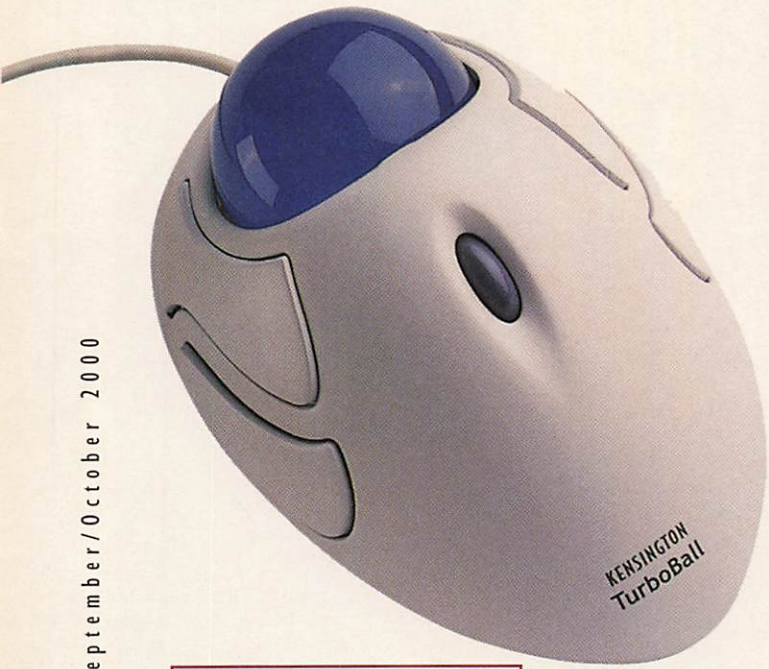
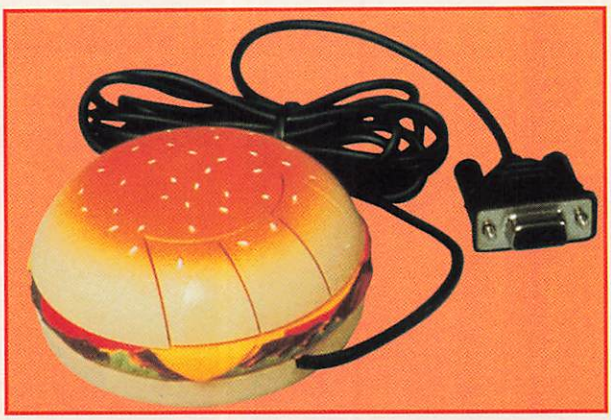
Hand (and Foot) to Mouse

With the help of our Webmaster, we survey eight mice that take the act of point-and-click to the next level—on or *under* your desk

TurboBall
$59.99.
"It's a good mouse, but I like Kensington's TurboMouse better. It's got a bigger trackball. I like big balls." (Kensington.com)

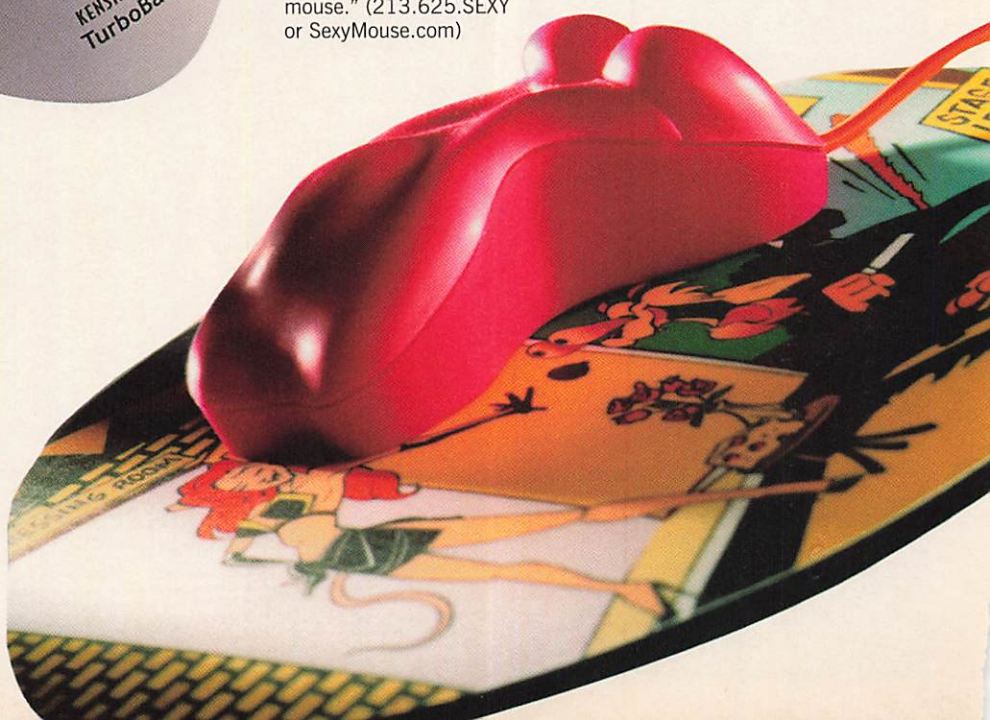


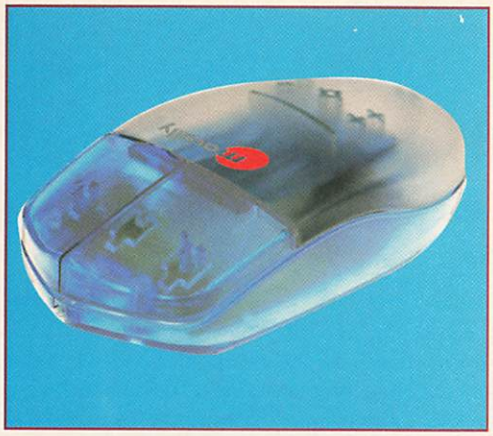


MouseBurger
$25. Even your vegetarian friends will salivate over this PC-compatible gizmo. (800.2GO.MICE or Unipac-usa.com)

Sexy Mouse
$19.95.
"Its cheap sex-toy color is creepy. I feel like I need to wash my hand after using it. Otherwise, it performs like a normal mouse." (213.625.SEXY or SexyMouse.com)

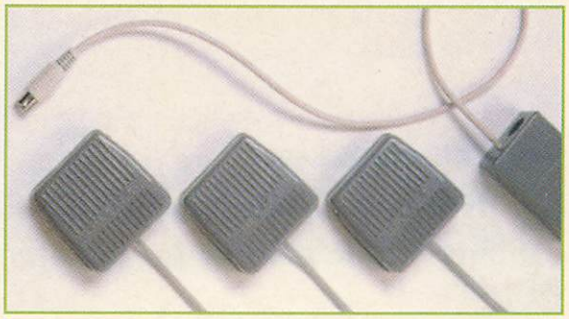
Graphire Cordless Mouse, Pen and Table
$99. A mouse minus the tangly tail? What a concept! The designer-friendly stylus is just gravy. (Wacom.com)





iMousePro

$49. Buy this mouse because it matches your blueberry iMac. Love it because it has programmable buttons and a lifetime warranty. (Macally.com)



"Step On It!" Keyboard Control Pedals

$139. User-specified keystrokes and mouse clicks now deserve a "Look Ma, no hands!" with this contraption. (Bilbo.com)

GM2 Action Pad and Mouse

$49.95. This is the must-buy combo for fast-action, first-person and strategy game lovers. (800.452.4377 or Saitekusa.com)

CatEye FinRing

$80. This adorable mouse, which relies on gravity measurement, is the perfect accessory for your computer and you. (BossWave.com)

Toups Test

Webmaster Robert Toups (abstracted at right) is *Link*'s resident tech know-it-all. The surefire Texan always tells it like it is. That's why we rely on his gadget testimonial, and you should, too.

Webcamming for Fun and Profit

Big Brother's new toy or an exhibitionist's wet dream? Either way, some cammers trade privacy for payoffs

by Jeyme Colodne

Webcams are hot. And they can save you money, garner you fame, and possibly make you (somewhat) rich.

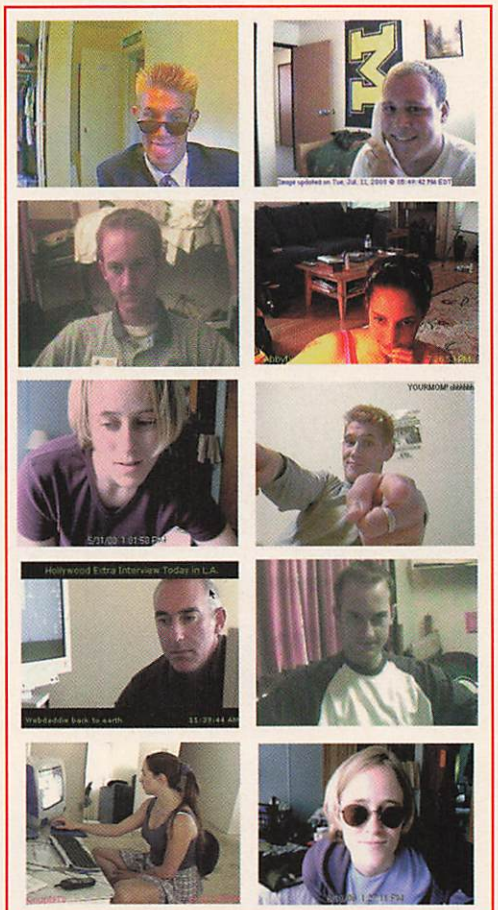
Your potential gains depend on how far you want to go. Sites like Advertising.com hook cam owners up with dot-coms, which pay small fees for featuring banner ads. Recent Hampshire College grad Seth Engelhard earned his pizza money (about $25 in three months) that way.

On a slightly more involved level, University of Florida student Cody Ward got a free Webcam and trip to Boston by participating in WebDorm.com, a site that broadcast college students' lives for one semester. Neither "an attention-starved pseudo-entertainer nor a sexually perverted exhibitionist," Ward views most cammers as relatively normal—just willing to let anyone with an Internet connection spy on their lives.

As Live as You Want to Be

WebDorm and other sites cast a wide net to find the cammers who'll draw in viewers like a digital mini-series. Launched in February 1999, WebDorm initially featured 50 students a year. Bought last August by sixdegrees.com, the site expanded into RapCam.com. Company marketing manager Lisa Schwartz says, "anyone can download the software and be viewed from our site. It's changed from a voyeuristic show to an interconnected chatroom community." Though participants aren't paid, that doesn't stop people from wanting to join.

RapCam users can't post sexually explicit information or break copyright laws. Citing a policy of trust, Schwartz says, "We don't actively monitor members," and instead rely on members and users to report offensive behavior. Then a warning's issued by the site. If that doesn't work, the member's kicked off, though Schwartz maintains that rarely happens.



Clockwise, from top left: Jared Irish (blo078.com), Shawn Barton (www2.gvsu.edu/~bartons), Abby (AbbyTV.com), Irish, Cody Ward (RealCollegeLife.com), Gwen Smith (gwen.webica.com), MariJane (CoupleTV.com), Craig Winner (LIFECams.com), Smith, Ward.

But isn't it the promise of witnessing a stranger's lack of inhibitions that makes Webcams so popular? LIFECams.com executive producer Craig "Webdaddie" Winner believes so. "The people I pick need to be exhibitionists," he says. With 24-hour cams placed all over their houses, the people featured often do far more on-cam than just nosh and nap. In return for their honesty (states Winner, "they can't hide from the camera"), they're paid up to $4,000 a week. He tells interested subjects to imagine they're living in a glass house—watched as they "eat, sleep, make love and make war."

LIFECam's cameras are never turned off, except in extreme circumstances. But that doesn't deter 19-year-old "Abby" (AbbyTV.com), a student from California State University, or 21-year-olds "Blaine" and "MariJane" (CoupleTV.com) from UCLA. All are high-traffic cammers on the site. Abby, on for about a year, says that by keeping her thoughts to herself, she maintains her privacy. "People can watch me go about my day, but they still don't know everything about me," she says.

Saving Private Rights

Anyone who wants to pass through a cammer's life can. So do Webcammers worry about privacy, or about strangers seeking out their real identities? "Gwen Smith," whose site (gwen.webica.com) has been up for more than three months, suggests using aliases and omitting personal info. "Everyone should be cautious with their identity online," she warns. But Shawn Barton, a sophomore at Grand Valley State University in Michigan, contends, "Privacy means the same thing to me as it did before I got a Webcam. I don't have to leave it on if I don't want to." By broadcasting his dorm room via the DoobieCam on sites like CollegeCams.com and RealCollege-Life.com, he's gathered a global circle of friends.

The bottom line's ever-changing on Webcams. They can gain you perks, money, cyber-fame. But one thing's clear. If you sign up to be cammed, read the fine print. And if you choose to go it solo, make sure your idea of privacy means sharing your life with the whole world. Otherwise, have a blast. That's what you're online for. ▸

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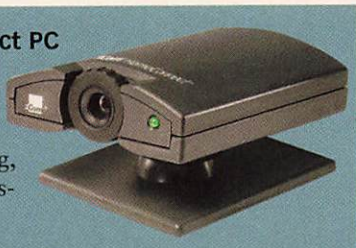
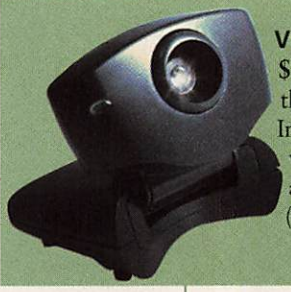
Spend Money, Then Cash In

A Webcam and accompanying software can be yours for as little as $50. Most are available in electronic stores and on dot-coms like eBay and Amazon. Here, five popular models:

QuickCam Express
$49.95. Coveted not only because of its cheap price, but also because it comes with easy-to-install software. (Logitech.com)

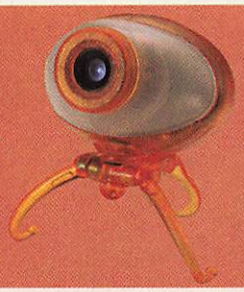
3Com HomeConnect PC Digital Camera
$149.95. This cam boasts a sharp image in any type of lighting, be it candle or fluorescent. (3Com.com)





Video Blaster WebCam 3
$79.99. For PC users out there, this cam's for you. In addition to full-motion video, its snapshot button allows you to take still shots. (americas.creative.com)

iREZ Kritter Cam
$119.00. Available in four cool iMac-compatible colors, it comes with its own software, too. (iREZ.com)



EZ-303 EZCam PRO
$99.99. True to its name, this cam is user-friendly and can be used on PC desk or laptops. (Ezonics.com)

Link Loot

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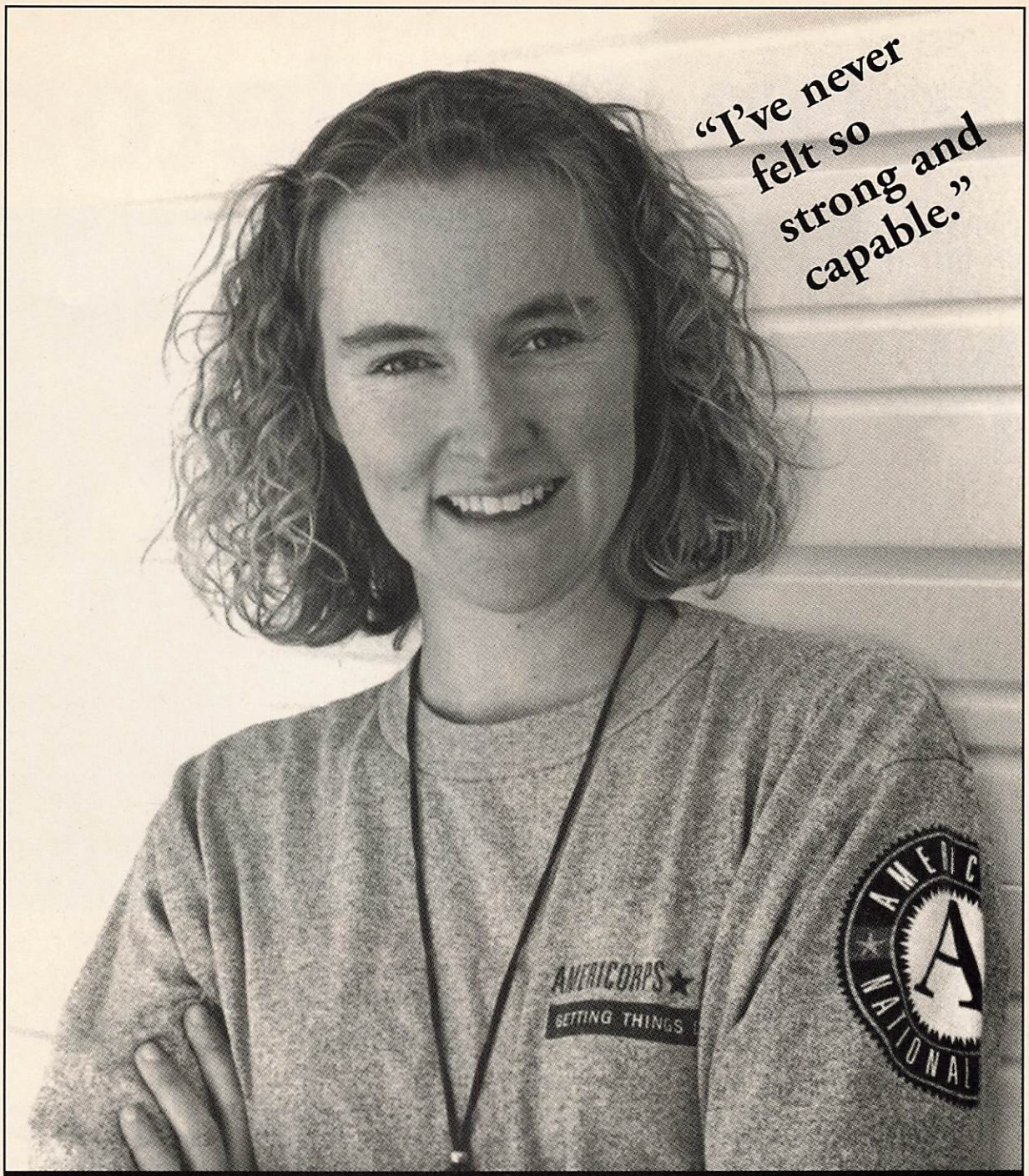
(Pictured heap does not necessarily represent the contents of random packages.)



Helping others was a family tradition for Amy Zaleska, of Massachusetts. So after getting her master's degree, she signed up for a year of service with AmeriCorps*VISTA. She moved across the country to coordinate a hunger program in California, where she developed new skills and decided to pursue a career in nonprofit management. "My project affected so many people," Amy says. "Now I know that one person really can make a difference."

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John Singleton

The Oscar-nominated director won his first award while still at USC

by Sara Lyle

Nine years ago, John Singleton received Oscar nominations for writing and directing *Boyz N the Hood*, the gritty hit he penned while at the University of Southern California. At 23, he was the first African-American and the youngest ever considered for the coveted awards. Since then, he's directed everything from a Michael Jackson video (*Remember the Time*) to a historical drama (*Rosewood*) to this summer's blaxploitation revival, *Shaft*. *Link* caught up with the South Central Los Angeleno when his most recent film was still in theaters. Did he wax nostalgic on his degree-seeking days? You *damn* right.

SL: How did you decide upon USC?

JS: The film school was the best in the country. I went [there] thinking I knew everything there was to know about movies, and then I found out I knew nothing. It was a great adventure for me to really explore and play around with things I was interested in.

What was your reaction to the campus's social climate?

It was a predominately white campus, and I grew up in an all-black and Hispanic neighborhood. It was a culture shock for me. Some of that was reflected in *Higher Learning*.

Your talent was recognized quite early at USC?

True. I won the Jack Nicholson writing award for two different screenplays, one of which was *Boyz N the Hood*. It was totally different from anything my classmates were writing about.

It was based on your life, right?

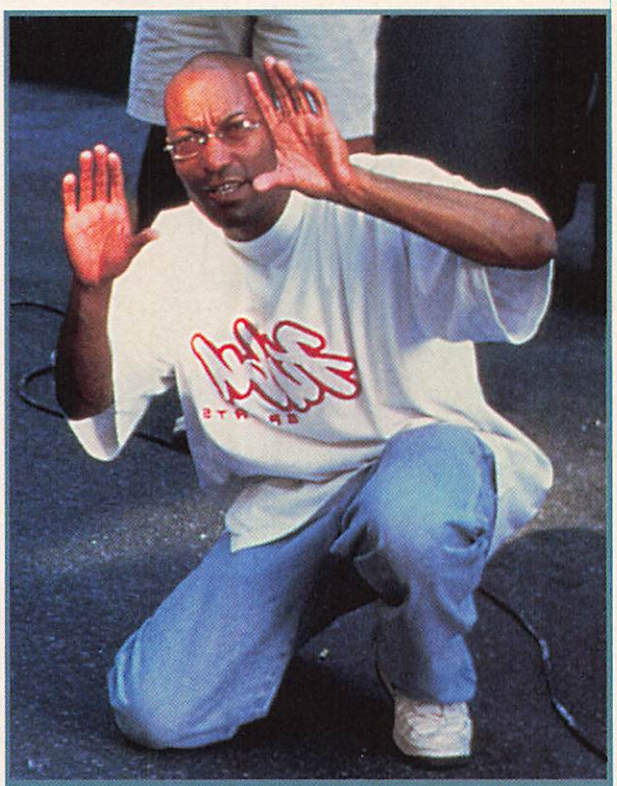
Yes. They told us in school, "Write about what you know." What I knew, at that time, was just growing up in [South Central L.A.]. These were my primary life experiences.

Did you realize then that people might consider you an innovator?

Not at all. I just thought that I'd be lucky if I had a career in film.

How did you deal with celebrity at such a young age?

I really didn't look at it like that. I just looked at it as, "I have a career doing something I've wanted to do since I was a kid." So I just buckled down and tried to narrow in and make my second film, and then my third film, and then my fourth film. Now, I'm on my sixth film. Whenever I'm doing one, I'm always thinking about the next.



Putting the 'hood in perspective: John Singleton sets up a shot on the set of Shaft *in Brooklyn, New York.*

In retrospect, do you think *Boyz* stands the test of time?

I haven't seen it, actually, in about three years, but people still come up to me on the street and tell me it does. Actually, I'm working on my follow-up to that film, called *Baby Boy*. That's going to come out next summer, 10 years after *Boyz*.

No doubt, you'd seen the 1970's *Shaft* by the time you were in college. Did you ever imagine that you'd get to write and direct *Shaft* in 2000?

I'd hoped so. It had always been in the back of my mind that I wanted to do this film—a funky action-adventure movie.

Did the final product live up to your expectations?

Yeah. It's a cool movie. The audiences are loving it. It's doing really well.

In general, since college, have you lived up to your expectations?

No, I have a long way to go. I won't be satisfied until, at the end of the day, I can say, "I did some different things with my life, in the way I expressed myself in various mediums." *That* won't be answered until 30 or 40 years from now. ■

Photo: Eli Reed/Foto Fantasies ©Paramount Pictures Corp.

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